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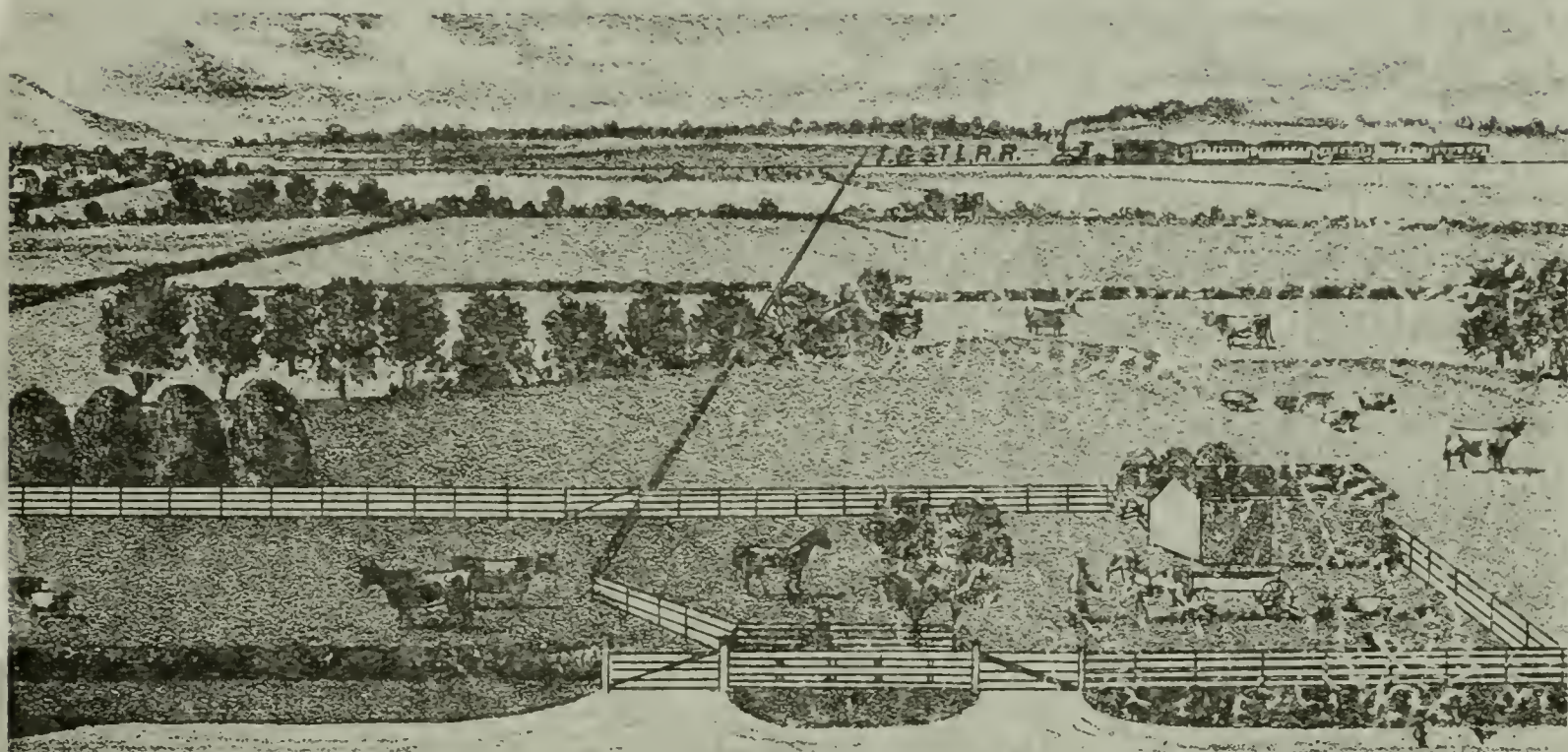
HISTORY OF TOWER HILL
AND VICINITY

(orig. 1937)

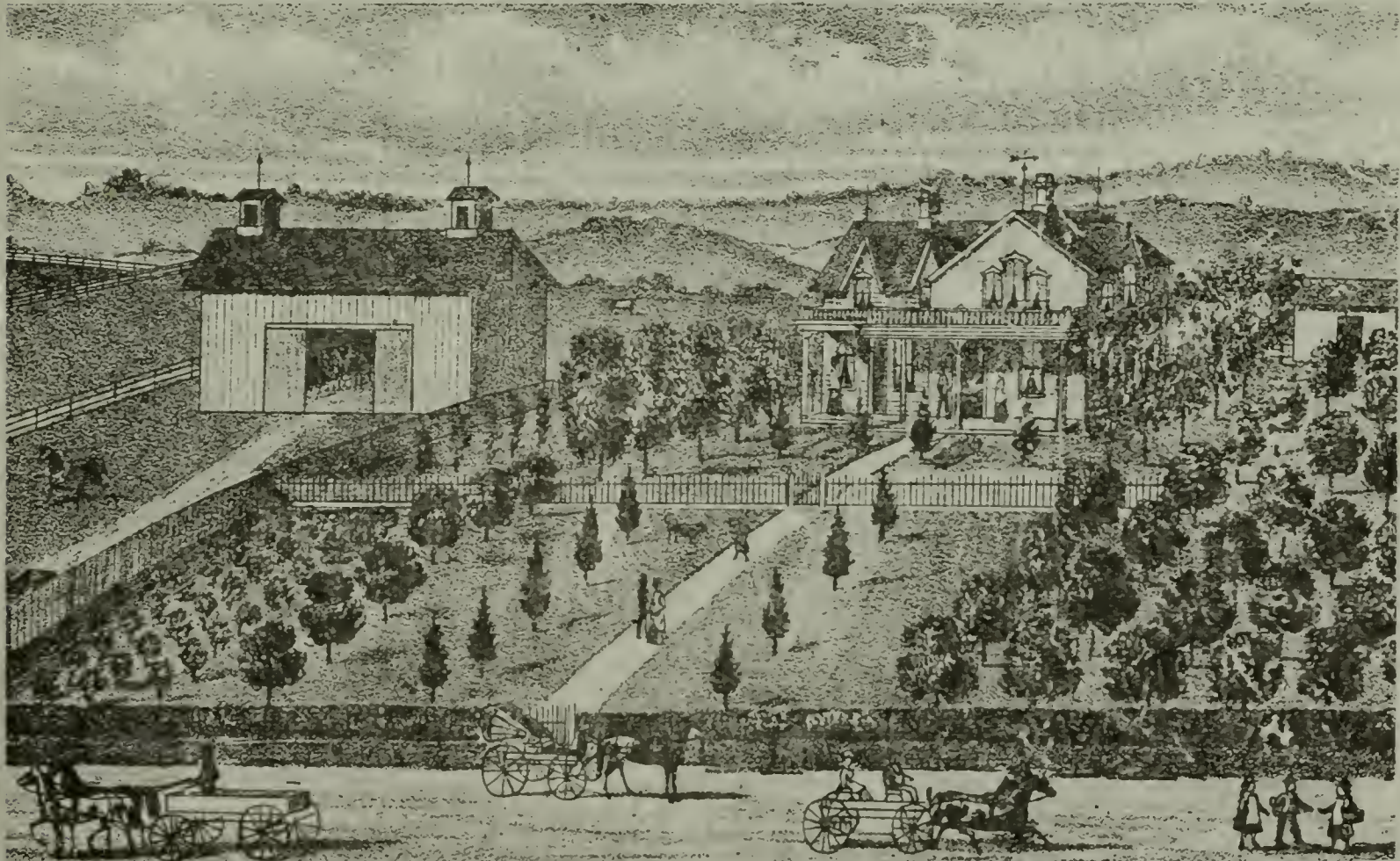


HISTORY OF TOWER HILL AND VICINITY

By
HOMER EILER



SCENES ON THE STOCK FARM LOOKING NORTH SEC. 25.



COVER:

Scenes On The Stock Farm Of David O. Miller

HISTORY OF TOWER HILL AND VICINITY

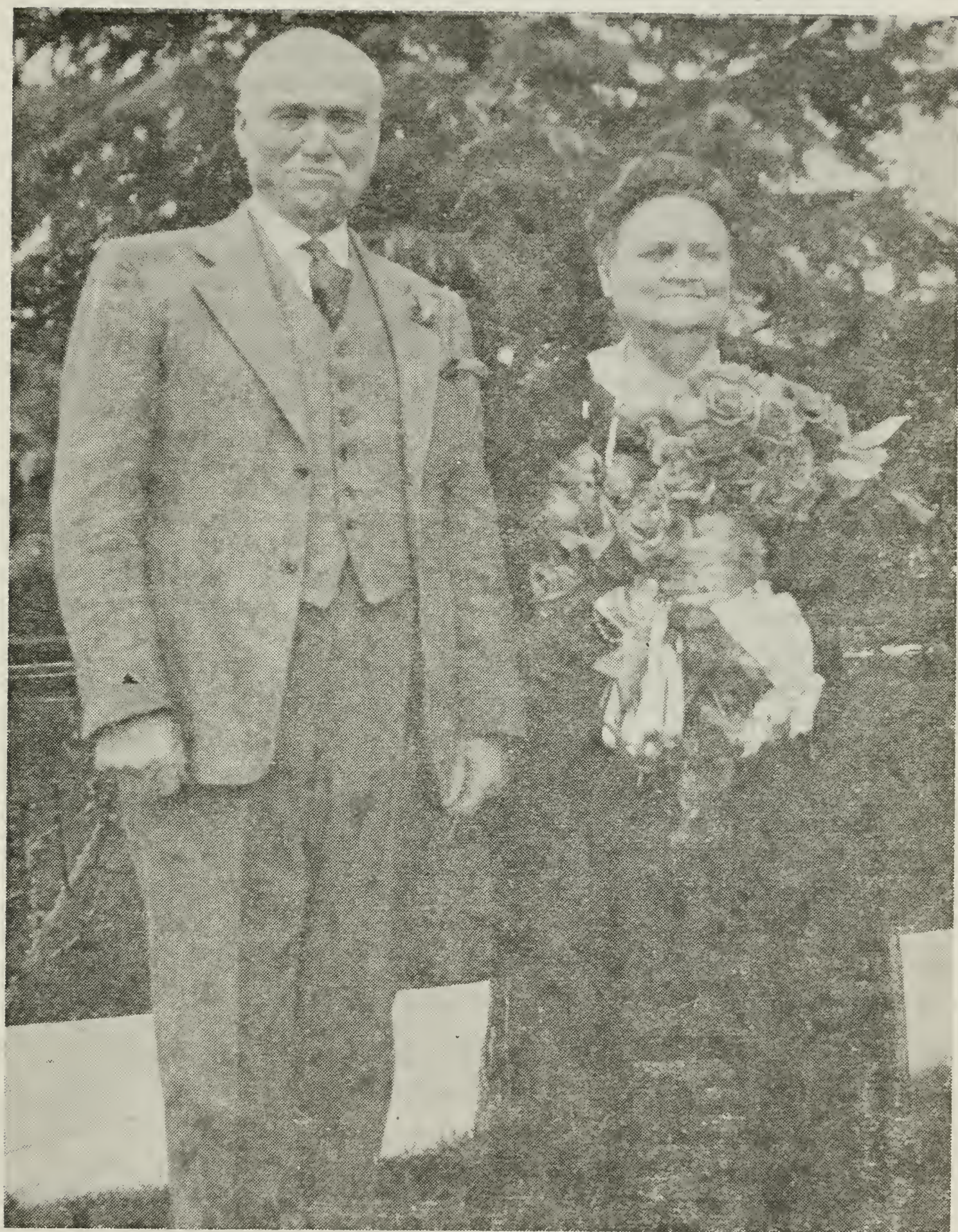
By
HOMER EILER

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1973



MR. AND MRS. HOMER EILER

FOREWORD

In the years 1868 to 1895, there lived in Tower Hill one of the few real historians of Shelby County--Homer Eiler. He wrote a series of local history articles which were published in the TOWER HILL TIMES in 1927 and again in 1937. He was interested in his home town after he left it for the west, first for Topeka, Kansas, and later, Altadena, California.

Addressing the SHELBYVILLE DEMOCRAT in 1937, Mr. Eiler wrote complimenting Mrs. F. P. Auld on her new county history column and at the same time urging the formation of a Shelby County Historical Society. In his introduction to the "History of Tower Hill and Vicinity," he says, "We beg your patience if any errors--and AGAIN trust each one will preserve these copies for the FUTURE." Alas, the paper on which THE TIMES was printed is now crumbling into dust. The Shelby County Historical and Genealogical Society feels that the author (wherever he is) would approve of the reprinting of his columns in booklet form.

Mr. Eiler devoted the last years of his life to writing his family history and that of his wife's family. In fact he authored seventeen family histories in all. Among his related activities were memberships in The Sons of the American Revolution, The Society of the War of 1812, The National Society of the Sons of Civil War Veterans, The Military Order of the Loyal Legion, U. S. A., The Kansas Authors' Club and member and director of The Kansas State Historical Society.

It is with the cooperation and approval of Homer C. Witten of Altadena, California, grandson of the author, that the "History of Tower Hill and Vicinity" is republished as a part of our observance of the United States Bicentennial.

The Shelby County Historical and Genealogical Society
August 1973

1973 The first business venture was that of Alexander (Elic) Hunter, the father of your esteemed citizen, Mr. J. W. Hunter. He had bought out the John Sharrock business at Westminster, and with keen business judgment, realizing that the coming of the new railroad would be a great boon and advantage to the new town of Tower Hill, moved his building and stock to the new village. This store was as usual of the general merchandise variety to suit the needs of the early pioneers. The list of items then carried for sale would not now in these days be considered at all in the selection of a stock of merchandise.

The postoffice was at first located in a part of this building and the first postmaster was Thomas Craddick, who according to the official record that I possess from Washington, had been appointed postmaster at Westminster Aug. 23, 1854, and continued until May 11, 1857, when the office was discontinued at Westminster and moved to Tower Hill, and Elic Hunter becoming postmaster.

Later on I will devote a separate space to the history of the Tower Hill postoffice. Soon other business houses with their stocks of goods were moved from Westminster to the Hill, as it was evident that the new railroad would sound the death knell of that once thriving village.

Then new town was fast building up into a respectable frontier village, so that during the early days of the great Civil War, that soon followed in the 60's, Tower Hill township had a population of 312 according to the 1860 census.

The records available show that the second business house was a stock of the usual general merchandise owned by Mr. Edward Bolins from Pana. The third business venture was the firm of Corley & Moore, but this firm soon sold out to a new merchant whose name is an honored one in the early annals of the village, Mr. A. V. Harper, the new firm being Corley & Harper.

The first business building erected of a pretentious size was built by Neil & Moses. It was a two-story structure, known as the L. Eiler & Son store building, which stood on the corner facing the railroad where the late George Roberts restaurant now stands.

The owners of the building put in a general line but more classy for those times. In the early 70's this firm sold out to a new partnership—Craddick & Eiler. A. M. Craddick being the son of the postmaster, and Lewis Eiler being the father of the compiler of this record. In a year or so Lewis Eiler sold out his interest to

his partner, who after continuing for a few years sold out to John Sharrock & Sons. This firm continued in business until 1884 when they sold out to Lewis Eiler, who continued until 1891 when the style of the firm was changed to L. Eiler & Son. This building and contents were destroyed in a disastrous fire in the early 1900's. The town was prosperous during its early days of the 60's and 70's and enjoyed a wide range of trade. The block east across the street from the Neil & Moses building soon built up with a two-story structure.

With business came the saloon and the element that follows it, so that the early moral history of Tower Hill is not of that high standard. As in all pioneer frontiers there is a rough element, and this vicinity was no exception to the rule. Unless I am incorrectly informed, on the corner where Culley's Meat Market is now located stood the main saloon of the town, and it was here that a murder or two occurred among the floating element of railroad employees, that soon aroused the fighting spirit of the better element and it was not long until the saloon was voted out, never to come back until the days of the coal mine only a few years ago and distinctly remembered very vividly by the present generation.

With the going of the saloon went the bad element as is always the case and with the growth of the churches, the town soon earned a respectable name that it has always tried to maintain.

We must not forget to state that while the business center was fast building, and the saloon followed, there also came that great uplifting and leavening process, the church, and all that it stood for. In those days there were "giants" in that leavening process. and this is such an interesting subject, and one that has always been cherished by men in my deliberations that I am going later to devote a separate space for its consideration.

With the growth of the village, you must not forget that this was made possible only by the growth of the rural country. The history of Tower Hill cannot be written without a record of the early settlers, and as I said who had made it possible for the growth of the town.

This leads us back to very early history. It seems strange today to even realize that speaking from the organization standpoint, that Illinois was at one time part of the province known as Florida, the Spanish territory, then later as French territory belonging to Canada, then after the Revolutionary War as a county of Virginia known as Illinois county, then later organized into a separate Northwest territory, finally emerging as a State in 1818.

The County of Shelby was named after Col. Isaac Shelby, an old Revolutionary soldier, born in Maryland about 1750, who became a very prominent character in the settlement of the new territory of Kentucky and Illinois, beyond the "Ridge" as the mountains of Pennsylvania and Virginia were then called. Isaac Shelby was a great Indian fighter, living in the same period as Daniel Boone and with many others of their day, were blazing the way for the early settler and civilization. I am pleased to note that we are now only beginning to realize the greatness of these early characters, who did that superhuman work of development, which today, as we look at it with all our modern conveniences seems unbelievable.

The old State of Kentucky within the last few years has with great expense and much pomp and thanks, with much gratitude, had the bones of that intrepid and undauntable pioneer, the peer of them all to my mind, Daniel Boone, removed from their original resting place in Missouri, to a suitable location within her own bounds. A monument erected to his memory, speaks in volumes of the graciousness of a grateful commonwealth.

By way of digression, how appropriate it would be to the coming generation of this town and community to erect in a prominent place a fitting memorial to the memory of the early pioneer. Place these words upon the everlasting granite: "Erected to our pioneers, who made it possible by self sacrifice that we might enjoy the blessings of life and the pursuit of happiness."

But back to Col. Isaac Shelby. His warring adventures led him him into this territory where under his leadreship, he was driving the Indian savage back across the Mississippi. His name was one known far and wide, especially through Kentucky, and because of his character as a builder he was made Governor of that State, which position he held until 1816. There were counties in every western and almost every southern State, named after him, and the name Shelbyville, is found in every one also.

Shelby County was organized in 1827 from which date all records are dated as a county. The various townships were organized practically as they are today.

It may be a surprise to you as it was to the writer, the very earliest settlements of Shelby County, were made in Cold Spring Township. Also that the prominent name of Wakefield is among the first of the earliest settlers in old Shelby. One historian makes the statement that the Wakefield family were the FIRST settlers as pioneers in Shelby county.

Charles Wakefield, Sr., came to what is now known as Williamsburg in 1818, the date of admission of Illinois as a State. With him were his family of three married sons with their families, namely, Simeon, John, Enoch and the youngest son unmarried, Charles Jr., also the married daughters with their families. They settled near the spot now called the Horsman place, where is located the famous "Cold Spring" known far and wide, and from which the present township takes its name. History records the Kickapoo Indians as very numerous in that section of the country, as it was their favorite hunting place, being ideal because of the timber, abounding with a great variety of wild animals, and the numerous springs both indispensable items with the wild savage. But after the Black Hawk War in 1832, the last Indian had disappeared westward into their reservations. It was no trouble even for the later pioneer to find many evidences of Indian habitation. Your own S. W. Dutton says he has found upon the Hill, Indian arrows, when he was a boy.

It is a matter of record that this Charles Wakefield, Sr., was a great friend of the Indian, and held their esteem and confidence. Because of this mutual feeling, he was enabled to do extensive trading with them.

It is recorded that among the first log cabins, used by a pioneer settler, was one built by this Charles Wakefield, Sr., in 1818, the pioneer of old Shelby, and the ancestor of the present respected and numerous families of Wakefield who live in that vicinity.

How interesting to recall to the present generation the great variety of wild animals which roamed this vicinity around Tower Hill, especially in the wooded section at the time of this earliest settler in 1818. There were bears and ferocious black ones too, panthers, catamounts, wild cats, wolves of a great variety and numerous, too, squirrels by the thousands, and deer in great droves. In the fowl line there was abundance of all native birds, and many now forgotten. The wild turkey was more numerous than some of the present day wild birds. In fact I have it from early pioneers that on account of the scarcity of ammunition, that not much was wasted upon them, but bigger game was bagged. Later though the wild turkey came in for his part in the slaughter. Many of these wild animals and fowls were a real menace to the pioneer, devouring his crops and destroying the stock. The wolf led them all, and it was a daily occurrence that the hounds would take up the trail and catch their victim. The squirrel and crow

with other rodents and fowls were a continual nuisance to the growing crops. Fields had to be tended near the cabin for protection, and many always carried their rifle to the field for the defense of their crops from these marauders.

Because of this constant warfare the boys and girls grew up to become crack shots with the rifle. From this fact, is noted the statement of Col. Jackson's Tennessee riflemen at the battle of New Orleans in 1815, and where every soldier brought down his man.

Yet on the other hand, the early pioneer found untold blessings in the wild animals and fowls of the forest. Without them they could not have withstood the hardships of this early life. The skins furnished him with his clothing, and bedding, and meat. The traditional lore about the "coonskin" cap had its origin as a matter of necessity.

It is related in the records the statement of another early pioneer who will be spoken of at more length later, namely Thomas Pugh, who came to Cold Spring neighborhood as early as 1820 from Kentucky, that he had no trouble in finding plenty of buffalo and elk skulls and even their bones, in Tower Hill township and the adjacent territory. Verily there hath been much change.

RAILROADS

In the late 50's the Terre Haute & Alton R.R. then building through central Illinois, designated the place where Tower Hill now stands as a logical site for a station on its line, to serve the adjacent territory that was fast settling. The first actual settlers were of a temporary nature, in the way of railroad employes who were then living in camps and engaged in digging gravel from the hill to be used in making the road bed, but was later discontinued because of too much sand.

The old graded roadway to the hill was very much in evidence even as late as the 90's running diagonal from the hill southeast connecting with the main line near the crossing close to the old coal mine.

Many interesting incidents are told of youngsters of those days in the vicinity who thought it great fun to loosen the brakes on these gravel cars standing in the cut, and watch them coast down the grade toward the main line.

The new railroad known then as the Terre Haute & Alton, was chartered by the Illinois Legislature in June 1857. Later because

or the extension of the line, its name was changed to the Indianapolis & St. Louis, known as the I. & St. L. then in the early 90's because of consolidation, it was known as the Big Four, and now because of further consolidations, as part of the New York Central system.

The coming of the railroad was of great interest to the new country, both as a blessing and as a great curiosity, for be it remembered, but very few of those early settlers had ever seen a passenger or freight train.

It might be of interest to know that I have heard my mother say, that when it was noised about that on a certain day about 1858, that the first passenger train would make its first trip, the settlers came from far and near to witness the occasion. She told of coming from the old Sharrock homestead about two miles southwest of town, and with many others gathered on the highest points of observation to observe the much heralded event.

Many of the folk were skeptical about getting too close and kept a respectable distance. Soon the "monster" appeared and fear and anxiety soon gave way to amazement to see the accomplishment of man's inventive genius.

Great criticism was made at the time as usual always on the advent of some crystallized idea of progression, that the "crittur" would scare the horses and cattle out of the prairies, the belching smoke a nuisance, and the soaring sparks a great source of danger as wood was used for fuel. But amidst it all it was a welcome visitor and amidst all the criticism it was looked upon with favor as a great help in the developing of these Illinois prairies.

The name Tower Hill takes its suggestion from the adjacent hill, known in the early days of the Indian as "Pilot Knob" because of its prominence as a land mark in the guidance of the wandering Indian tribes and travelers. Standing out as a lone sentinel on the prairie it could be seen for miles. Before the days of the pioneer settler there was evidence that this prominence was used by the wild savage as a vantage point for signaling between native tribes.

The site for the village was owned by Messrs. P. C. Huggins and Simeon Ryder. In laying off the new village into streets, alleys, blocks and lots, they employed in June 1857 the County Surveyor Elias Smith to do the work. Curious to relate, but it is a fact, that all the first houses built, invariably faced the railroad, making no difference where they were erected. For instance to cite

you to a few that are yet standing, the writer's old home, known as the Dr. Browne property located on the west side of the Hill. The old Hook property, the Tilley home in the west part of town, the property across from the Presbyterian church and several others among the first built, but have been remodeled to conform with modern regulations and conditions.

I recall several that this generation do not know of at all, but fifty years ago, in my boyhood, they were very prominent. Among these might be mentioned the old John F. Moore property, the present site of the Masonic home. In fact, the old well is still preserved, and water is brought from it in the basement of the building. Then there was a low cottage structure, just across the street west, from the present Christian church, occupied in an early day by the Munson family, later by John Weeks, a well known citizen of the Hill. Then a row of houses just south of the Big Four tracks near the present old Andes elevator. Then on the side of the hill a row of homes and many more now removed or torn down.

The second railroad to build through Tower Hill was chartered in 1865. This was known as the Springfield & Pana railroad. Later when it extended through Tower Hill to the southward it became known as the Springfield & Southeastern railroad. About 1875 it was sold to an eastern syndicate and the name was changed to Ohio & Mississippi or O. & M.

The first construction train to make the entire run is recorded as October 28, 1869. The first recorded through train from Beardstown to Shawneetown was March 28, 1872. In the construction of this road from Pana southward, the firm of Craddock & Eiler (Lewis Eiler, the father of the writer) dealers in general merchandise in Tower Hill suffered heavy losses by the failure of the construction company to make payment for supplies of food and clothing to their gangs of workmen. Those were the days when no laws were in effect for making collections from such worthless construction outfits.

WILLIAMSBURG, WESTMINSTER AND ROBINSON CREEK

As I noted it is impossible to record the history of Tower Hill, and not take into account the record of other communities. Among those that first attract my attention is the village of Westminster, now only a memory. Located about a mile or more southeast of the Eiler church, the records show that it was laid out as a trading post by the owner of the farm, Washbourne Wade, in 1849. Strange to say that the original name of the place was "Manyawper" and

what it means I am unable to say, but it must have been an Indian name.

A man by the name of William Collins built the first storehouse in Westminster, which contained the usual line of general merchandise. The second store was built by Everard Sharrock. (These are the writer's great-grandfather and grandfather respectively.) These were built in the early 50's. Everard Sharrock soon sold to his son, John Sharrock, who had just returned from his adventurous trip to California gold fields, while he enamored of the glowing accounts of the Oregon country, hied himself to that new field of pioneer adventure, where he died in 1886.

John Sharrock did not stay long in the merchandise game, and sold out to Alexander (Elick) Hunter, whom we have related about moving the store to Tower Hill, John Sharrock removed back to the old homestead about one mile east in a due line from the Eiler church, where he lived until in the early 70's as we related, having bought out A.M. Craddick in Tower Hill.

Other buildings were erected that spoke for a healthy growth for the new village. Among these was a blacksmith shop kept by John Mattox. In the meantime the name of the town had been changed to Westminster, and made a postoffice with Washbourne Wade as postmaster, according to the official records which show that he was appointed Oct. 2, 1849.

The mail was delivered twice a week by a carrier who plied between Shelbyville and Hillsboro. By way of interest the writer relates that he has in his possession letters which were mailed at Westminster, and as stamps were scarce in those days, the postmaster wrote on one corner of the envelope — "Westminster, Ills., Paid 3c." I have several also mailed from Tower Hill in the late 50's and early 60's, some stamped with the usual 3-cent stamp while others bore no stamp but written on the corner by the postmaster: "Tower Hill, Ills., Paid 3c." These letters were written by my grandfather, Conrad Eiler, to relatives in Ohio, and speak interestingly of those early pioneer days. (Sometime with the consent of your patient Editor, I would be pleased to contribute a personal recital of the times and events of those early days).

Westminster had at one time the promise of a very thriving village, but the coming of the railroad to Tower Hill sealed its future, and today there is nothing to even indicate there was ever a thriving village there 75 years ago. A Mr. Weller lives on the spot, and the once prosperous settlement is now only a memory and a cultivated field.

This extinct village is closely connected with my own immediate family. As related, my great-grandfather Everard Sharrock and grandfather John Sharrock, both were early merchants. Here 2 or 3 children of John Sharrock and wife were born, and my own mother spent the early part of her childhood in this place. I have heard my grandparents and my mother relate some of the experiences and conditions that confronted those early pioneer merchants, which at the present day do not seem credible, with all our boasted civilization.

The greatest drawback the merchant had in those days was the lack of circulating money. It was a very scarce article. The paper money in those days was mostly issued by banks and you had to consult a table issued very frequently to ascertain its worth. Merchandising was nothing more than an exchange of goods. The settler exchanged his various products of the farm and forage for items of use in the family. These were such as shelled corn, furs of a great variety, (and they were a most common item of exchange,) wool, flax, ginsbery root, indigo root bark for tanning, dried fruits, feathers, beeswax, wild honey, butter, eggs, lard, home cured meats, and scores of other items of barter.

With this array of exchanges the merchant had to deliver to St. Louis to turn into cash to purchase more merchandise. Then to think of the method of transporting this motley lot of items to market. The ox team was about the best method to be relied upon. The livestock such as hogs and turkeys were driven on foot to St. Louis. Think of driving a flock of several hundred turkeys for over a hundred miles over primitive roads with scarcely any bridges, and absolutely no grading, then you have a faint idea of the perils of the early day merchant. It was the safe experience with a large drove of hogs. It was toil, toil, and the hardest toil at anything you engaged in. For instance, the corn was shelled by hand, all members of the family taking part. Then it was hauled to St. Louis and sold for 10c to 20c per bushel. The one secret of success in those days, and it holds good today, but little practised, was economy. The day's work was from sun to sun, and every member of the family was a full fledged partner in the maintenance of the family. No child labor law engaged their attention, and no walking delegate to see if you worked overtime.

The items of merchandise as kept by the pioneer merchant, seem so strange as compared to this day of modern merchandising. Whiskey was sold by the measure as we sell vinegar. It was the one great curse then as it has always been and always will be.

while a good portion of the clothing was woven by the women of the household, yet the store cloth was considered a great luxury. Such as jeans in all colors, cottonages in various stripes, linsey-woolsey, broadcloth a very good item, in plain color and colored flowers, red flannel, and a great variety of dress goods ranging in the highly colored calicoes to more expensive patterns. Heavy calfskin boots and shoes were considered items de-luxe. Teas and coffee were bought only as a luxury.

The manner of life of those early pioneers, living in the crudest of cabins at the start, and improved as advantages of skill became more evident. With the lack of even the direst of accommodations as compared to modern improvements, it is a marvel that the pioneer raised his large families. Yet we see large families of ten to fifteen children occupying less than half the house space that the modern family has with even one or two children. I am assured that the death rate was not as high a percentage then as now. It looks like we have thrown away the secret of a healthy family.

Most of us are acquainted with the old log house of our ancestors. Hewn from mostly the walnut or whiteoak tree, it gave promise of long life. By way of interest, on my recent visit, it was my privilege to see some pieces of logs used in the cabin of John May, my great-grandfather, north of Tower Hill, which are nearly one hundred years old.

The mode of construction was of the most economical, built in square rooms, sixteen to twenty feet square, and with a large open fireplace in one, or sometimes both ends of the building. For windows the early cabins resorted to oiled or rather greased paper, or thin skins. No hinges of iron, but leather or wood. No locks but the draw-pin. The fireplace served as a heater and a cooker. The swinging crane, from which swung a large kettle used for all sorts of purposes. The fireplace skillet with three legs, and three legs on the lid was a much favored utensil. These were used from boiling the water to the roasting of the venison, the baking of the bread, and the stew pot.

Items of tableware were few consisting of pewter plates for table use, home made vessels for various uses in cooking. Knives and forks and spoons were very rare in the early pioneer life but later, they with additions of china, made matters more agreeable.

The household furniture was all home made in the early day, until the modes of transportation and ability to purchase, enabled one to visit the larger trading centers and possess those articles of necessity, which even today are eagerly sought after.

I have heard my mother say, that she saw her father on one occasion, step to the door on a spring day, when the deer jumped into the garden for snip at the tendered lettuce, and bring him down with a well directed shot. And this took place at the old Sharrock homestead during the early 60's.

The matter of securing ground meal and flour was one of the dilemmas the early settler had to contend with. It is recorded that the first mill of any consequence, to accommodate the very early settlers in Shelby was in Bond county at Greenville. Later a grist mill was established at Robinson Creek by Thomas Craddick when he first came to this country, and one at Williamsburg by Chas. Wakefield in 1821. And as the settlers increased, likewise the advantages sought after by antique hunters.

The interior arrangement of these pioneer log houses was made as comfortable as skill and tools would permit. Usually there was an attic, reached by pegs driven into the wall. It was in this sort of an attic that the immortal Lincoln climbed up at evening to lay his weary and tired body down upon a pallet of straw, with but scant covering. And in the winter time, God Himself seemed to pity this child of the forest, and through the openings in the clapboard roof, sifted a mantle of pure snow upon him for protection.

The eatables were of the forest mostly, such as meats, fruits, honey, nuts, berries, dried fruits, together with the cultivated articles which enabled the average family to live well. In the matter of what we call store groceries they were few. Salt and spices, New Orleans dark brown sugar, tea and coffee were the most one could purchase and these not even in the very early days of the pioneer. It is said that tea and coffee were used only for weddings and the coming of the preacher.

The products of the forest were the one redeeming feature of the early settler. He could step to the door and bring down his winter meat. And by the aid of the grist and saw mill could take care of their needs. But it was always a task to go to the mill and secure the grist. It is a matter of family record in the Eiler family, that my uncle, the late William Eiler, upon several occasions when going to get the grist, was compelled to stay over until the next day to get his "turn."

The wearing apparel was of the home made article, the work of the family, from the cultivated flax, and the raising of the wool, and the preparing of the skins of animals into the finished product. Weaving was an art perfected by the women of the family who were deft in preparing many grades of cloth from the flax

and wool for the various needs of the home. The old spinning wheel of that day is treasured today as a precious heirloom. For the early settlers buckskin pants for the men and even skirts for the women. Shoes from the home made tanned skins of the animals. The famous "coonskin" cap for headgear has been preserved in memory and adoration. I have heard my relatives say that on many occasions the women folk would walk barefoot to church or some social gathering, carrying their shoes, until near their destination.

As I view this early pioneer who settled around Tower Hill, I see in him many staunch qualities that we lack today. His positive stand for a real citizen of the community. At all times at the service of his neighbor. His Christian character infusing into those large families the necessity of clean lives. The old family Bible, now a tradition, was then the sacred object of the family circle. Many descendants can today testify that at the close of the day's toil, the father with reverent hands opened the Book, and after reading words that seemed to fit into the tired body satisfying a longing desire, then raised his voice in the earnest prayer that echoed through the forest, and with a resounding echo, brought a contentment amid the most desperate hazards that could confront any human creature.

It has been said that "we are the heirs of the ages," and how thankful we ought to be, that we can refer to such an ancestry, and become amazed that we owe to them such a debt of gratitude we never can repay.

However meager the opportunities were for schooling and social and spiritual culture, yet we have it recorded that they grasped every chance to enrich their very being along needed lines.

It is fitting here that we record the history of perhaps the oldest village in Shelby County, namely: Cold Spring, afterwards known as Williamsburg in Cold Spring township.

We have related the coming of Charles Wakefield, Sr., to this place in 1818, settling on what is now known as the Horsman Place, so as to be close to the noted spring prized so highly by the Indians.

The first trading was carried on by Mr. Wakefield with the Indians, but it was not long until other settlers made it possible to increase the extent of the business. It was Charles Wakefield, Sr., who in 1821 erected the first horsepower grist mill in Shelby county, and it not only served the community, but for great distances settlers came for their grinding. The mill continued for

years. The records show that John O. Prentiss was among the first merchants of Cold Spring. It may be of interest to many to know that this John Prentiss is the father of Owen Prentiss, who became in after years a very prominent merchant in Shelbyville.

John O. Prentiss in 1828 bought a cabin from Simeon Wakefield and opened a general merchandise store. Note that this is twenty years before Westminster opened up as a trading place, and thirty years before Tower Hill was a place of business. This gives you some idea of the age of Cold Spring and Williamsburg's early settlements.

Prentiss was soon successful in getting a postoffice established in his store, and became the first postmaster. The first physician was a Dr. Rooks, a sort of herb doctor, but very successful. The first schoolhouse was erected on the Wakefield place and Moses Storey was the teacher. Gradually the name Cold Spring gave way to Williamsburg when another enterprise opened up in 1839 by William Horsman and a Dr. Thomas H. Williams erected a new store building and changed the name of the place to Williamsburg in honor of Dr. Williams. The new town of Williamsburg was now doing a very extensive business with settlers in all directions, with a grist mill and blacksmith shop, and two doctors, and a postoffice.

Dr. Thomas Williams died in 1844 and a brother, Dr. Ralph Williams, took up the practice, remaining there for several years, finally removing to Kansas.

The church organizations kept pace with the progress of the business interest, and this community was specially noted for its camp meetings because of the splendid accommodations in shade and water. The noted Peter Cartwright held camp meetings here frequently in what is known as the "Ridge Camp Ground." So strong did the religious element grow that the Methodist organization entered into a partnership with the Masonic Lodge in Williamsburg, to erect a two-story building, the lower for church and the upper for Masonic meetings.

The Masonic Lodge was organized July 26, 1866, as number 513 with the following charter officers: I. B. McNutt, Thos. J. Fritts, W. C. McClanahan, G. B. Jones, J. W. Henderson, A. J. Corley, C. Corley, and J. C. Whittington.

Cold Spring has the record of the first land entry in Shelby county issued to Charles Wakefield, Sr., July 19, 1821. But the coming of the railroad to Tower Hill spelt the doom of Williamsburg and all other near frontier villages, so that today they are only a memory.

I have spoken of that earliest settler, the Wakefield family. Close upon their coming was Thomas Pugh with his family from Kentucky about 1820, and settled also in Cold Spring, near the Wakefield settlement. Later he removed to the Knobs vicinity, and there raised his family. The name Pugh is a household word to this day in Tower Hill and vicinity, and many descendants still live here. The Rhodes family, the Thomas Eiler family, and many who still carry the same Pugh in the male line.

Jonathan C. Corley of Kentucky came about 1823 settling first at Robinson Creek, which had at that time attained quite a settlement. In fact many of the Tower Hill residents can claim that section as the first settlement of their ancestors. It is recorded that Mr. Corley was the first blacksmith in Shelby county.

Levi Casey, another Kentucky pioneer, also settled in Robinson Creek about 1824.

Tower Hill vicinity was largely settled by Kentucky folks. This is true of my own ancestors through the Sharrock-May line. John May, my great-grandfather, came from Prestonburg, Ky., about 1830, finally locating with his large family of ten children, about two hundred yards or more directly northwest of where Charley Smith now lives on the old Sammy Smith homestead. Here he lived for several years, but after the death of his wife and the children had married off, he went to live with his daughter Catharine, the wife of John Sharrock, where he died in 1849, and is buried in the Middlesworth graveyard, about a mile north of Tower Hill. The reader will please pardon a personal allusion, but upon a recent visit to this spot, it was easy to follow the foundation outline one hundred years ago. The rotted stumps of mulberry trees in the yard were still visible. All these spoke to me in greater volumes than words, of the children who had romped about, and especially little Catharine, who later became my Grandmother Sharrock.

James Abbott, another Kentuckian, who preceded John May, was the original one to enter this old May homestead, selling out to him.

The great immigration to old Shelby seems to have been in the 30's and the majority from Kentucky and Tennessee. Later in the 40's the settlers were from Ohio and the eastern states.

From the records I find a Burwell Massey settled near the Knobs about 1830. Also one Daniel Agles at the same time, but I am not able to place that name. The Smith family came from Kentucky,

settled in this vicinity about 1831, and our old respected Uncle Sammy Smith was a boy of about 7 years of age when his father cast his lot as a pioneer among these early settlers.

A talk with Charley Smith, one of Tower Hill's most respected citizens and a descendant of this Smith family, can reveal to you the sturdy nature of these old pioneerrs, and the deep seated religious nature practiced in their daily walk. And how when the Sabbath day was approaching it became necessary on Saturday to make all due preparations to carry the family over the hallowed day with the least bit of labor. It was to this pioneer famiy a day so sacred that the utmost precaution was made to see that the family was not molested at all in their holy devotion.

Peter Killam, another Kentuckian, was a settler in the Knobs region about 1830. Here is a family that for all these years have been among the respected residents of this community. Many descendants still live in the vicinity.

Franklin Hudson settled in 1832 on what is now the Neil place. The Neil family were from Tennessee and came early in the 30's settling in the Knobs region. Here is another old family who have been active in all affairs that build up for a better community. There are many descendants still living near the old home site.

W. W. Peek, also from Tennessee, settled near Shelbyville at first about 1834, later in Rose township. A few descendants still live near the Hill. Washbourne Wade came from Ohio about 1837 settling on the land where we recorded Westminster. He lived to a very old age. Benjamin Hobson from Ohio settled in this region.

Jonathan Riley came also the same time from Ohio. Gassett Horace, also from Ohio in 1837, settled on what was later known as the Jester place. In fact he sold out to Stephen Jester about 1841. Daniel Puckett, another pioneer from Ohio about 1837 settled in the vicinity of Westminster. Most of these names are still household memories, and descendants of nearly all still live in the vicinity of the residences of their ancestors.

Thomas W. Craddick, a familiar name in Tower Hill during the passing generation, and specially remembered because they followed merchandising for most of their lives in this community, first settled near Robinson Creek, where it is recorded that he erected the first mill in western Shelby county. He soon removed to Westminster where we recorded he bought out the store of John Sharrock, and then to Tower Hill. Thomas Craddick was not only the first postmaster in Tower Hill, but the first justice of the peace, the first railroad agent.

It was amidst such surroundings that the son Ambrose, known better by his initials as A. M., learned the merchandise game which he followed for many, many years in the Hill. In the early 70's A.M. and my father Lewis Eiler were in the general merchandise business, under the firm name of Craddick & Eiler.

A. M. Craddick became one of Tower Hill's foremost citizens holding many public offices, finally becoming county treasurer. He married the daughter of another pioneer merchant, namely John Moore, of the firm of Corley & Moore.

Abraham Middlesworth was another Kentucky settler but near Shelbyville at first, later living on what is now the old Middlesworth homestead about two miles north of Tower Hill. Here the son, Ner, built a substantial brick residence in the early 60's that is a credit to any community to this day. (By the way of personal mention, my father when a young man helped burn the bricks for that house.) Ner Middlesworth raised a large family here, and several are yet alive and live in old Shelby.

Thomas May, the son of our John May, settled in 1840 near Westminster on what is now known as the Weller place. In 1846 he sold out and removed to Oregon where he became a prominent citizen in his community. It might be of general interest to say here that the history of Oregon records our Thomas May as being among the first who set out extensive orchards in Oregon, he having purchased the sprouts in San Francisco enroute.

Everard Sharrock, our great-grandfather, came from Ohio about 1832 and first settled in Christian county, but soon moved over the line into old Shelby settling on Flat Branch. We have recorded his doings at Westminster and later removing to Oregon.

Conrad Hanson was an old settler coming directly from Indiana about 1832, settling just west of the John May settlement. He had a large family of twelve children who mostly settled around Tower Hill in their early married life. There are many direct descendants still living in the community. Conrad died in 1853 and is buried near John May, his brother-in-law, in the Middlesworth graveyard.

The Perryman family were very early settlers over on Mitchell Creek near Shelbyville, but later moved near the Rocky Branch region where the family grew up as part of the Tower Hill citizenry. One son born on Mitchell Creek in 1836 named J. W. Perryman is still alive, aged 90 years, and lives near Ocone. I understand he has written a book entitled, "Ninety Years in Illinois."

I'll warrant it would be interesting reading. He had already published a volume of poems and early reminiscences.

Conrad Eiler came to Tower Hill with the immigration from Ohio and the east that came in the 40's he coming in 1849, settling on the old Eiler homestead, now occupied by Oscar Warren. Here with the family of four boys born in Ohio, he grappled with the task of making a home, succeeding amidst all the hardships that come to all pioneers. Conrad Eiler though had a greater vision than the bounds of his own homestead, it was the interest of the community. So the Eiler Church became the great center for religious and social welfare, and to this day is a household name far and wide.

With Conrad Eiler came other Ohio folks, the Warrens, Mesicks, Wireys, Jesters, and others, all names being among the prominent families of this community. And the list is lengthy, and time and space would fail me to mention them all, but these are familiar names as follows: Boncer, Metsker, Andes, Higginbotham, Brownback, Hooks, Harper, Story, Evey, Cannon, Stumpf, Morgan, Fringer, Fluckey, Scovil, Hunter, Bowman, Dutton, and scores of others. But a visit to the old time cemeteries will reveal other names whose descendants moved away years ago, or death has ended the line.

FLOUR MILLS

Flour Mills—Tower Hill can look back with a great source of pride, forty or more years ago to her milling interests. Those were the days when you had to get in line for your grist. People came here far and near to the Tower Hill mills for all manner of grists. Tower Hill flour was of a high grade and its well known brands were asked for in all the nearby markets.

I remember as a boy that old red mill with its sloping roof, located on the old mill site, familiar to all. I believe that a Mr. Oliver was the first owner. Then a Mr. Warner. In the early 80's this mill burned down and was afterwards rebuilt with a three-story structure, with all the latest improved roller process of flour making. Your own citizen, Crawford Ward, was for many years an employe here, continuing through several ownerships, and during the last ownership of Wolf and Evey it was destroyed and never rebuilt.

MERCANTILE INTERESTS

Mercantile Interests—On Feb. 22, 1884, my father, Lewis Eiler, bought out his father-in-law, John Sharrock, in the general merchandise business. It is from this date that I began my business career. It is with much surprise that I look back to those days of merchandising in methods and general lines to the present. I

know greater strides and improvements have been made in the line of merchandising than in any other vocation. In the early days we had not as many of the conveniences as the present merchant.

The grocery line has had the greatest improvements. In those days most every item was sold in bulk, such as sugar, coffee, tea, crackers, spices, etc. Then we had no bags for containers, but old fashioned brown paper was used for most everything. Paper twine mostly for binding. California canned goods were unknown and what little canned fruits were of the east in small cans.

In dry goods, there was nothing of ready-to-wear, as all wearing apparel was sold by the yard and 10 yards or more was a dress pattern as compared to three or four today. In shoes it was mostly calf skin or for fine wear the kid, and built for service and wear. Today the slipper variety with a fancy strip or two above the light sole.

Forty years ago or more, Tower Hill was as busy a place for business as one could wish, especially on a Saturday. Heavy stocks of goods of all variety. Three splendid clothing stores, and dry goods stores, besides large heavy stocks of grocery stores, large hardware and furniture stores, and all else in comparison. Business in all lines was flourishing. The railroads were busy with shipping grains, stock, hay and produce. Space forbids to enumerate the amount and variety of business, that attracted trade from all directions.

TOWER HILL SPOKE FACTORY

Tower Hill Spoke Factory—I wonder how many of the older generation remember and how many of the younger generation ever dreamed that at one time Tower Hill had a spoke and handle factory of considerable prominence. An uncle of mine named Frank Sharrock, after his return from the Black Hills, where he had gone with the great gold rush of 1875-76, established a factory of this nature on the site where the Andes property is now located. If I am correctly informed also this Frank Sharrock was the owner of the first steam threshing engine in Tower Hill township and possibly in a greater scope of territory than that. It was the Huber engine, and I, though a very small boy, somehow remember that engine as it was to me one of the many wonders of the world to my boyish mind.

During the fall and winter, this factory which employed around 10 to 12 men, was busy turning out spokes for wagon and buggy wheels, also handles of various sorts. The sheds were full of the finished products, ready for shipping in March 1876, and in fact, the empty cars were on the siding ready to begin loading on a Monday morning when on the Saturday eve preceding, the whole plant, stock, machinery, and all, was burned to the ground. There

had been considerable mutterings from certain neighbors as to its location, and while no proof could ever be found, yet it is considered a fire of incendiary origin. It certainly was a great loss to the owner, Frank Sharrock, and put an end to a highly prospective proposition, that was giving employment to several men in the town, besides making a great market for the immense amount of available timber that grew within a few miles of the village.

An experienced man named Gus Williams had been brought from the city to superintend the manufacture of this much demanded article and he too with the rest of those interested felt it a great loss, because of its prospective prosperity. So little by little that great demon, "FIRE" has wiped out many interesting and profitable institutions, and business houses in the Hill.

OUR BURYING GROUNDS

Our Burying Grounds—Part and parcel of any community, is its burying grounds. It is the sacred spot where friend and foe meet on the same level. We may be a Croesus in worldly goods, but our last habitation of ownership is a space of only 3 by 6. The country around Tower Hill abounds in many old graveyards. Perhaps the oldest is the one near Williamsburg in Cold Spring township. It is reported as the oldest in the county. Here are buried the first settlers not only of this entire community, but the first in Shelby county. In those days it was necessary to fill the upper part of the grave with rock to prevent the wolves and other fierce carnivorous animals from burrowing down to the bodies. In fact, I am told that graves located in this ancient spot, bear evidence of that fact.

There is an old burying ground at New Hope in the Zion neighborhood, where many of the old settlers are buried. Here are found the ancestors of most of the present residents of that section of the country.

One among the oldest, and perhaps the largest, is the Eiler cemetery, located near the Eiler church, one of the earliest centers of community interest in the region round about. No doubt here are buried more of its early settlers, and relatives reaching to the present than any other spot. It is a sightly place on a hill, that commands a view in every direction. On a recent visit there I was pleased to note the neat appearance and well kept grounds, so different from forty years ago when it was a briar patch and the surroundings was the favored region known far and near for its profuse growth of blackberries. Thanks to someone with a vision of civic pride. This spot is very dear to the writer, as the resting place of numerous of my kin.

Another old graveyard, as they were called in the early days, is the one known as the Middlesworth yard, located on the top of a hill in the middle of a field, about a mile and one-half north of Tower Hill. This ground is in a desperate condition, in fact it is what is known as a deserted graveyard, abandoned to Nature. This spot is of deep interest to me as containing the bodies of my great-great-grandmother Hanson and my great-grandfather John May, besides several great aunts and uncles and lesser kin. There are 84 graves in this spot, and all among the very earliest settlers. This spot is nearly 100 years old, perhaps the next oldest anywhere.

The Knobs is another old sacred spot to scores of present day citizens in that region. It too ranks along toward a century mark in age, as the Knobs was the first settled place in this part of the country, antedating the town of Tower Hill by at least 20 years.

I must confess that my recent visit there was of a disappointment, as to the attention or rather lack of attention, given to this hallowed ground. I was surprised to find it a tangled mass of briars, thorns and shrubs. There is a splendid opportunity for some to add to his laurels in starting a general cleanup, and what now borders on a disgrace, to become an object of admiration and beauty. Who will start this project?

Then there is the Robinson Creek and Rocky Branch and several other small burial spots, all containing the resting places of the early settlers, names that are yet familiar to all. A visit to each of these enumerated would reveal names and dates in connection with the early settlement of all this region.

But the present generation is interested more in their own burial ground known as the Tower Hill cemetery. And well they may and point with pride to its well kept grounds. Here is a spot that is pleasing to the eye, and restful to the feelings that their loved ones are lying in a beautiful "God's Acre." Tower Hill cemetery ground was bought from H. P. Faught and laid out in February, 1882. It contains 20 acres, laid out in 477 lots with 240 yet unsold. There are 120 lots in the "permanent kept" list, which is a token of esteem and pride to the owners. This perpetual fund is now \$4200 and still growing. There are about a dozen burials in the pauper field, but they are as rich in their possession as the richest of earth. How true that saying, "But two feet of earth make us all of one size."

The first officers were: Robert Fleming, president; H. K. Baines, secretary, and G. W. Fringer, treasurer. The first board of trustees were the following: J. A. Andes, A. M. Craddick, John Morgan. The original board of incorporation was composed of the following: A. M. Craddick, C. M. Ross, G. W. Fluckey, Robert Fleming, H. R. Fairchild, James McKittrick, H. K. Baines, George Corley, J. A. Andes, and G. W. Fringer. There have been only 2 presidents in all this time, namely Robert Fleming for 28 years and the present incumbent, A. A. Eiler, for 17 years. To show the flight of time, you will note that every one of the original officers of any position at the beginning of the association are now dead. The present list of officers is as follows: A. A. Eiler, president; W. O. Shanks, secretary; John R. Warren, treasurer. Trustees are: L. B. Fluckey, W. E. Cannon, Charles Ashe, C. E. Sibbitt, S. W. Dutton, Eli Read, H. S. Fairchild and L. W. Morrison.

TOWER HILL HORSE COMPANY

Tower Hill Horse Company—After the close of the Civil War there spread throughout the country a reign of terror in horse and cattle thieving. It became so bad that communities had to organize for mutual protection. Perhaps the most prominent organization of this kind in central Illinois was that of the Tower Hill Horse Company, that not only confined its workings to the immediate community but to neighboring counties. This organization was composed of men of fearless attitude and bravery, men who had seen service in the great Civil War and had no hesitancy in administering very severe treatment to the guilty culprits. This formed the backbone to the organization and was the means of making it a force not to be reckoned with. Many weird and strange tales had crept out from time to time as to the treatment meted out to captives when caught, and because of this harsh punishment was the effective means that soon cleared this community of the roving bands of thieves. The leader among this effective organization was my grandfather, the late John Sharrock, a man of absolute fearlessness when dealing with this class of citizenry. He was the central figure for many years in its organization. It was he who was sent for when the posse formed for taking up the trail for horse thieves, and he was unanimously always chosen as the judge advocate to deal with the captives. I have many records of personal encounters between he and the pursuit of these tough criminals, who even counted life as of no value in making their escapes. The general headquarters was the place now known as the Eiler church. But the membership scattered far and wide, for men everywhere sought to join its ranks for this mutual protection. It developed that this thievery was carried on by an organized band too often it was found that men living in the community were engaged in that hazardous yet very profitable occupation. But by the extreme means as meted out to the captives, it was effective in a few years in almost wiping out this nefarious trade.

The one event that helped carry on the enthusiasm for the organization was the annual Horse Company picnic. It was an established event and always looked to with great interest. People came from far and near. It was the one great annual event. Great preparations were made in the way of enjoyment. To look back upon one of these events from our modern standpoint of enjoyment, appears tame, but the folks enjoyed themselves hugely and were loathe to leave the varied scenes of activity and companionship. But in time, through the clearing of the country of these roving bands of thieves, and the death of many of the principal leaders, the organization ceased its work and annual picnics, so that for years the Tower Hill Horse Company has gone into the records of the past.

"FORTY-NINERS"

"Forty-Niners"—As far as I have been able to find out, Tower Hill has the honor to have furnished only two California gold seekers in that memorable rush of 1849, namely my grandfather, John Sharrock, and his brother-in-law, Lafayette May. About May 1st, 1849 they left the Sharrock homestead in an

ox-wagon well provisioned for that long, tedious and dangerous journey across the plains and mountains to try their luck in the new gold fields. After six months of traveling, enduring untold hardships and privations undreamed of, they came into the gold region with the same ox team, but only a very crude affair of a box fastened upon the two hind wheels of the original wagon. In fact, they counted themselves very fortunate in arriving in that condition as compared to others in the company of 135 teams that formed the original train at Independence, Mo.

Fortunately about forty years ago the writer who had always been interested in the tales of adventure as told by my grandfather, secured his interest and permission to take down in writing the record of that memorable trip. I prize very highly the tale of that wonderful journey, which was this personal account printed in the Tower Hill Breeze at the time.

When we compare this wonderful journey with our modern methods of travel one is simply amazed that men would risk their lives for the chance of making a strike in the gold fields. Just think of the separation from the family of wife and children for a year or more and not a single letter either way, and the expensive and dangerous journey across the plains and mountains, inhabited with roving bands of savage Indians, and the exposure to the rigorous winters in the mining camp, and the inconveniences of camp life, with unreasonable prices for food stuffs and clothing which reads like fiction rather than the real facts as they with thousands of others experienced this state of affairs, and all for the chance of a lucky find. Thousands of men never returned to their eastern homes as life was not counted of much value in those days of the mad rush for wealth. The least disputes in the camp were settled by the first at the trigger. Legal action and moral rights were unheard of.

Our grandfather has stated that it was one continual watch against robbery and murder during the entire stay in camp. Because of this condition of lawlessness, and the hardships, and the fact that he had not heard a word from home, such a thing being impossible, he decided to return home. But remembering the awful endurance of the overland journey, he decided to return via the Isthmus of Panama, where the great canal is today located. Landing at the Isthmus is the custom for safety to start in large companies and very early so as to make the trip across in one day. This one day's walk he said was the worst experience in all his mining adventure. A narrow path leads through the tropical jungle infested not only with wild animals but continuously with bands of robbers lying in wait for the return-gold seekers. To lag the least bit was to be set upon by these human vultures. During the day, eight men becoming weary from the terrible heat and lagging behind were caught by these bandits and waylaid and robbed. There was no use to stop for a defense, because of becoming lost in the jungle and the fast creeping darkness which meant death for all.

Taking a boat on the Atlantic side, he later landed at New Orleans where he exchanged his gold for currency, because they were allowed more than at San Francisco. Taking a river boat he finally landed at St. Louis where he purchased a horse and started over land for home, arriving at dark the second day. A great surprise for the family for they had never heard a single word from him since the day he left, over a year ago, refusing to believe that he would never return and always consoling themselves with a fortunate return.

But what a surprise to him to learn that one of his children had died in his absence, and the death of his father-in-law, John May, but thankful and gracious to greet a new baby born shortly after his leaving.

Verily the hardship and endurance of the early pioneers has been without equal. Truly it has been said, "We are the heirs of the ages."

METEOR OF 1876

Meteor of 1876 — Who of the old timers remember that wonderful meteoric display in the winter of 1876? I was only a lad of eight years, and while I did not see it directly, yet I remember so distinctly many circumstances connected with the visit of this heavenly messenger. The visit of this heavenly body was of much magnitude, and recorded as one of the greatest on record. I have this from the official authority on meteors. It passed over Tower Hill about 9 p.m. on the night of December 21, 1876. My parents were then living in the house on the northeast corner of the block in which is located the Christian church. Suddenly we noticed a very dazzling light in the windows. Father was startled, but mother made this very reply which I remember so well, her saying, "O that was the light from Crawford Ward's lantern as he is coming home from prayer meeting." I have lately consulted a perpetual calendar and confirm this statement, for Dec. 21, was on Thursday, the night of the regular Methodist prayer meeting.

The record states that this immense meteor was first seen in Kansas, and and last seen while exploding in Ohio, where many fragments fell. It was accompanied by a terrific, heavy, rumbling noise and the pyrotechnic display is recalled in the annals of astronomy as the greatest ever recorded. Of course it was the subject of much talk that night and even for days. As usual, many saw in it evil omens.

CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION

Centennial Exposition — Tower Hill can boast of being represented at the Centennial Exposition in 1876 held in Philadelphia, it being the occasion of the 100th anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. These favored persons were Dr. G. W. Fringer and wife, very prominent citizens, living in the homeplace on the south side of the hill, being the second house east of the school building. On my last visit there, I noticed with sadness, what at one time was considered one of the nicest cottages in the town, now fallen into a decaying condition.

ASSASSINATION OF GARFIELD

How many readers of the Times recall the news of the assassination on July 2, 1881? This happened on Saturday at 8 a.m. in Washington D. C. All the news that came to Tower Hill was given out by the local agent of the I. & St. L., as he caught the message over the wires. No details were obtainable at all as compared to these days of quick transmitting of news, so we had to wait until the next day, Sunday and run the chance of securing a daily St. Louis paper. As expected they were all sold out long before the train reached Tower Hill. But a passenger alighted from the train grabbed a paper from a dozing passenger and ran into the waiting room as the train pulled out. He stood on one of the seats in the corner and read to the crowd as they jammed tightly around him. I was present with my father and other relatives and remembered the occasion distinctly.

PICNICS

Picnics — In the 70's and 80's the universal custom of having a good time in which the entire community could take part was that old fashioned picnic. Foremost of all and I have spoken of it in a previous article was the Annual Horse Company picnic. This was the one that drew the crowds from far and near, because of this organization extending over such a large territory.

The next in importance and as regular as clockwork for many years was the annual Knobs Sunday School picnic. This was the great drawing card for the young folks of the country for invitations were always extended to all schools and a great rivalry existed as to the largest delegations, the most elaborate float, and the best singing and recitations. I can see yet those processions of schools in wagons and buggies loaded to the limit with children all togged out in their best, and flags, and banners floating in the breeze. White dresses and pink sashes were prevailing fashion. While for eats the "last word" had been said in its preparation. Surely, "them were the days." event that was looked to many months ahead, as to the annual neighbors, cementing all together in a common brotherhood for the best interest of all!

Then in different sections of the country were the local affairs, held at Robinson Creek, Rocky Branch, Williamsburg, Zion, etc., each event adding to the communal interest. These annual gatherings were the one great social

But the one great event that seemed to top all other neighborhood gatherings was the old-fashioned, handed down from forefathers, the 4th of July picnic. This was the real thing and Tower Hill for many years put on this annual gala day. (I wish I had space to do justice to what I am thinking about, but can only touch a few high spots. Some day if all is willing I promise you that I will give you a touch of the real thing.)

I can now after forty years hear the anvils boom, boom, real early in the mornings arousing the populace (and the small boy, too), to the fact that this was the day, and the only day of all the year. Somehow it sent a thrill through your very being, and what you had read in your school history about Bunker Hill and Lexington seemed now as an epoch to that historic event. Some time away back in the earlier history of Tower Hill, so I am told, cannon, yes real cannon, were used to usher in this glorious day and thus make it more impressive upon the public.

Here is some history that I will vouch for its accuracy, but somehow it stays with me that two of Tower Hill's most respected present day citizens, and very dear friends of mine, name'y Charles Conrad and Crawford Ward, have each gone through life minus a thumb each, lost on this eventful day because they were not trained gunners in touching off the cannon's salute. If I am wrong I beg pardon, but if true they carry with them the record of a sacrifice for their country. This day was the delight of the boy, for with fire-crackers and other noise makers, and red lemonade, he asked for no other delight on earth or Heaven itself.

And the orator of the occasion will we ever forget him? Standing there there on the raised platform with flags and streamers flaunted to the breeze, this important personage spread anew the gospel of patriotism, to as eager a crowd as ever hungered for a recurrence of the doings and valor of their ancestors. Are we losing out because we have drifted away from this time-honored custom? May we ponder well and listen.

REVIVALS

Revivals — With the passing of these annual events of community festivities, there is another phase of early activities of a religious nature that I fear will be a subject for the historian of the future. I allude to the old fashioned revivals of religion as held in all churches at generally the fall or winter season. Space forbids of an extended account of these religious events, of so much interest to me and no doubt to the passing generation. I view with regret and am inclined to be a bit pessimistic to note the passing of this once great uplift of religion and morality in the community. Let us be criticized by those who dare, but give me the church with its annual revivals. There was an awakening in these special services that is not now perceivable with its discontinuance.

COAL MINES

In the latter part of the 80's considerable community talk was going on, as to the possibility of coal lying at a reasonable depth below the surface of Tower Hill territory, and noting the success of our neighboring city of Pana was enjoying from a business standpoint, many spirited citizens of the village formed an organization for the purpose of employing a drilling concern to bore a hole into the regions below and ascertain the extent of their dreams.

So the records are, as near my memory serves me, that in the late part of 1891 and early part of 1892, a contract was made with the Diamond Prospecting Company, to bore with a diamond drill, so as to preserve a core of the various strata, and settle once and for all if Tower Hill had coal.

I remember so well that drilling operation, which took place in what was then called "Bowman's Pasture," a spot northward about 100 yards from where your citizen Ed S. McLean now resides, and who has furnished the greater part of this coal history.

It certainly was interesting to note the time of hoisting the drill, and see the core as it was brought to the surface, revealing the different strata that underlie the surface. Fortunately I have this day in my possession a section or two of this core, one showing stone and the other of coal.

Right here is a good place to state that the entire core was eventually boxed and stored in R. E. Cannon's store, but unfortunately was destroyed when this firm had a disastrous fire which destroyed the entire row of buildings and sad we were to see our tangible evidence of our coal prospects go the way of destruction.

My friend Homer Jones of Chicago has so kindly furnished me with an official coal log signed May 25, 1892, by the driller in charge, a Mr. Harry Cossette, which gives an account of every inch of the 747 feet of this prospect hole, which in a few years led to the opening of a real coal mine in the Hill.

I feel it will be of interest to Times readers to briefly give a resume of the various strata passed through and which were verified by the actual cores, which as we said were later destroyed.

I see by this log that at 87 feet a 6-inch vein of coal was shown, after passing through soil, then limestone and layers of shale.

Then at 157 feet a vein of coal one foot thick was reached, and again at 291 feet another vein of only 7 inches. The strata all the way down were alternating stone, and shale of various color.

At 494 feet a vein of coal again one foot was shown and the citizens were now very hopeful that soon the much expected workable vein of coal would soon be reached.

But as the drilling went on, from day to day, and no coal veins were being shown, the cheerful spirits of our citizens, turned into "Doubting Thomases" and it began to look that our money was going into an empty hole.

One hundred feet passed and no signs, and then another 100 feet was shown and still no coal, and many gave up—when the next 50 feet was the Mecca for which we all had sought, for at 747 feet and 7 inches the drill brought up a core of coal 7 feet and 4 inches.

It was sure one jubilant day and we all had visions of a future Tower Hill surrounded by coal mines and no doubt many industries that would locate in our midst.

And thus finishes the verification of this log and signed on May 25, 1892, and every one felt that they had made a good investment, and time alone would make "dreams come true."

One very interesting event or citation took place during this prospecting, as a Tower Hill boy, George Weeks, the son of the Postmaster, John Weeks, took a very active interest in this boring process, in fact so interested was he that he became a handy boy around the drilling, being employed, and when this firm of drillers left the town George went with them on the payroll, and how strange to relate George followed this firm of drillers into Africa, England, staying with them for years and years, finally dying in England. He became an expert at this diamond drill work.

After several years, about 1903 the citizens again revived interest in forming a Citizens Coal organization to secure coal rights preparatory to persuading some company to open this wonderful vein of black diamond.

And right here comes my good friend Ed S. McLean with the information that this organization elected Squire A. R. Robinson, as president and Ed S. McLean as secretary. Their duty was to get coal right signers, preparatory to inducing some firm to open the mine.

A total of 2400 acres was secured, some donating, but most were paid, which was the valuable inducement that finally led the Edwards Coal company to begin operations and finally began hoisting coal to the surface, as described later on.

Ed writes me that other members of this coal right organization included A. M. Craddock, Doug Corley, Lewis Eiler, and many others.

Further quoting Mr. McLean, he says that A. M. Craddock was the booster of the community, for opening up a mine, especially when the citizens knew they had the coal, and this organization had gone out and secured coal rights, then the point was to get the company.

It appears from those very familiar with the opening of the mine, such as McLean and Burr Fluckey and other old timers, that our "Bud" Craddock had an old friend, a descendant of the pioneer Brisbane family, namely, Capt. Brisbane, a name perpetuated in the Brisbane school west of town, who was a Civil engineer and in the employ of Edwards & Sons of Minneapolis, Min., coal mine operators, and lumber dealers and very wealthy.

So it was through this Capt. Brisbane that the entire proposition was laid before this Edwards Co., the inducement being coal rights, 15 acres of land donated through the business men's organization, and eventually contracts were signed, and work started on an opening 8 by 8 feet for a shaft to the heavy vein of coal below.

A depth of 820 feet was sunk and the 8 foot vein was reached, and here was what proved eventually a fatal mistake in only making the shaft 8 by 8 when it should have been 8 by 16, so as to allow the hoisting and lowering a cage at the same time thereby lessening the expense practically one-half in raising the coal to the surface.

With a shaft of this small dimension, the company was compelled to compete with Hillsboro, Pana and Nokomis mines. Other fatalities in the operating of the mine will be recorded later.

A very interesting geological incident is remembered in sinking this shaft of 820 feet, which of course passes through many strata of rock, shale of various colors, small veins of coal here and there, and at one place a bed of compressed mass of shells, an inch to 2 inches in diameter, was encountered. The excavators brought to the surface a large mass the size of a nail keg, which was on exhibition and was some curiosity. Verily there are mysteries in the earth as well as the sky above. Mr. McLean advances the idea and he is correct in his conclusions—that this strata of shells at this depth is the result of the glacial period in the eons of ages of the past.

The sinking of the shaft opened work for a lot of men. and when the mine became operative, a force running as low as 100 to the greatest number of 450 brought a lot of business to the village.

The records show that shipments of coal ran from 8 to 10 cars as the lowest to a high of 22 daily and the town put on some airs in business activity.

As usual with the opening up of coal mines, the saloon follows and the village soon had 2 places dispensing liquors. The records show that they were not patronized by local miners, they mostly preferring to hike to Pana where there was more variety and fellow associates, with the result that one went out of business before their license expired, and the other had to take care of a slack business.

As time went on it was apparent that Edwards and Co., as operators were not making the fortune which was apparent from the prospects at the start.

Here again I quote our friend Mr. McLean who says "Tower Hill coal was of a fine quality, rated as best soft coal in state, however for steam purposes in railroad engines it honeycombed in the flues, unless experienced firemen were on the job and knew how to fire accordingly, and a multitude of complaints came from the railroads using it. The Big Four contracted for a large number of cars daily, only to withdraw their contracts on account of this reason."

The mine continued losing business for this and other reasons, namely one with Chicago customers, rejecting many cars of coal because of slate and sulphur.

This appeared to be the fault of the weighman at the mines who let what is known as "dirty coal" be loaded in the car, when it was supposed to be sorted.

Later we find Edwards & Sons selling out to New York capitalists who continued operating the mine for some time, selling coal as a local proposition along towns of the Big Four and B. & O. railroads.

But the old troubles of quality followed them and it was a foreseen conclusion that the mine was doomed as a paying proposition, with the result that it was finally abandoned.

Another reason in the matter of overhead expenses as a contributing cause for loss, was of the immense amount of timbers used to make the mine safe to work in, the depth of the vein called for heavy props and plenty of them.

So the work of abandonment went on, the donated ground and equipment were all sold for what it would bring at quick sale, and today all that is left of the Century Coal Co. of Tower Hill is the spot showing the sunken shaft, piles of shale, rock and waste material, and a vivid memory of a wonderful experience for all parties concerned.

I am going to lay aside coal history for a moment and tell the Times readers more about this printed official log as sent me by my dear friend Homer Jones of Chicago. This is a cardboard advertising placard with the various business and professional firms in 1892 displaying the nature of their business, there being a total of 44 firms arranged in 2 columns with the coal log as a middle column. And for interesting reading it revels in pure memory of over 40 years ago.

Out of a total of 57 names of individuals in these various 44 firms there is to my information only 8 persons now living. That certainly tells the story what old "Father Time" has been doing these 44 years. You will be interested in knowing the 8 now living, who were in 1892 connected with that total of 57 persons connected in the business and professional activities of the "Old Home Town." So here they are:

Phil Robinson now of Lakewood, in 1892 with Hish & Robinson, novelty works; Dr. J. R. Young, Physician; Samuel Dart, stock breeder; Ervin Foor, buggies and farm implements; J.J. Leighty, groceries; Inman of Inman Bros., cabinet makers; John R. Henton, painter & paper hanger; Homer Eiler of L. Eiler & Son, dry goods.

Perhaps it would be interesting to enumerate those in the other ads who have answered the last roll call and are through with all earth's activities.

I will run down the column as they come. Wesley Dean & Sam Fuget of Dean & Fuget, dry goods; Dr. J. H. Shelton, physician; Mrs. A. Jones, milliner (mother of Homer Jones); Jess Foor, stock breeder; J. F. Bennett, restaurant; James Miller, harness; G. B. Partlow, contractor; I. K. Story, notary public; Joe Woods, barber; I. G. Holt, publisher, Tower Hill Breeze (and this firm printed this coal log on June 2, 1892); Charley Conrad, general merchandise; A. R. Robinson, justice of the peace; John Callendar, stock buyer; Nelson Jones, horse buyer; Read & Smith, restaurant; S. W. Dutton, hardware; W. F. Hilsabeck, blacksmithing; John Weeks, postmaster; Smith Bros., liverymen; John Runkel & Son, flour mill; Dr. I. L. Brant, physician; Taylor Goben sewing machines; J. A. Andes, hay & grain; W. C. Jones, restaurant; Lafayette Higginbotham, drugs; John H. Price, hotel; R. E. Cannon, hardware & Lumber; O. T. Jones, poultry; Lewis Eiler of L. Eiler & Son, general merchandise; J. S. Evey, thoroughbred horses; Noah Freeze, blacksmithing; James Rhodes, stock buyer; Joe Smith, stock buyer; Fred Stumpf, Sr., funeral director; Isaiah Henton, wagon maker; H. H. Ingalls, Big Four agent; Gross Bros. meat market; George Butts and John Seigfried, contractors; Jacob Leighty, sewing machines.

To me personally these were all my business associates and close friends of my day in business in Tower Hill, when our village was at its best in all activities. And to think that out of 57 individuals mentioned in the 44 firms on the coal log record advertising sheet, with only 8 of them now alive is certainly startling.

And to report now that out of 44 advertising firms as mentioned, that only four are in Tower Hill today, namely; The Big Four R. R. Co., (now the N. Y. Central); Fred Stumpf, Jr., undertaker, the R. E. Cannon Hardware &

Lumber Co., now represented by a son, and the Higginbotham Drug Co., now represented by a son, leaving 40 firms in business in 1892 now extinct, and not a vestige of identity left.

And thus we conclude the history of the Tower Hill coal industry from facts and information sent us by our friend Mr. McLean to whom I extend my personal thanks.

TOWER HILL IN THE 70's AND 80's

The Hill was the "Mecca" for the kids at all seasons, for in the summer it was to dig in the sand pit, or cut, or romp the sloping sides, or in winter the snow and ice afforded us a sliding place, in fact the adult was very conspicuous by his presence.

The generation of the 80's can tell of hair-breadth escapes and their prowess as manipulators of all sorts of sleds. I wonder who remembers of the accident one winter when Lena Headon, the daughter of a well known pioneer, Tom Headen, while she was coasting down the east side of the hill tumbled from her sled in a mix-up and broke her leg.

That accident put a slow down to the recklessness in coasting. A few years ago I had the pleasure of visiting Miss Lena (now a past middle aged woman) in Lawrence, Kansas, and we talked of this particular accident, which she remembered so distinctly.

After nearly 60 years I can visualize the grown-up folks who made merry night and day with fancy sleds, bob-sleds, homemade sleds and it seemed like the frostier the night, specially during the full moon, the crowds seemed the largest. Those of my generation, can you recall these who could all be counted ready for the coasting fun? Such names as George Johnson, Willis Ward, Headen Harper, Nick Narry, Linc Sharrock, McCullough, Chas. Baines, "Willie" Fringer, the Brown boy and girls, the Glenn boys, Guinee young folks, Gibbie Hunt, the Harper and Sharrock girls, Alta and Scott Heady, and OH MY the list grows, and how sad to think that fully 99 per cent of these have passed away.

In those days of late 70's & early 80's our town was growing very fast, reaching out for trade, from a wide circle of territory. The merchants carried a great variety of merchandise, suitable for all the needs of the community.

The shipping interests were increasing by leaps and bounds - taking care of the farmer's crops. Corn shellers were busy and the cobs were piling "mountain" high, and free for the hauling, for winter heating and summer cooking.

Two elevators were busy during wheat season taking care of that important crop, for Tower Hill township was a vast wheat field, and what a beautiful sight to view from the hill top the golden grain waving in billows as far as the eye could view. The timothy hay industry was fast becoming one of the farmer's main crops, and many of the Times readers easy remember in the 80's of the vast loads hauled to the local hay barns for pressing and shipping to city markets.

I have often reminded myself of the art achieved by many haulers of that day in the way they loaded, to the limit, in width and length those immense loads.

It afforded labor all winter and spring for scores of men taking care of an industry now almost extinct. The railroads were kept busy taking care of the "loads" and "empties," for all sorts of the farmers products.

In the cattle line, Tower Hill was a central market far and near. And who of my generation—and even younger—remember John Callendar of very heavy avoirdupois weight around 250 or more, riding that little sorrel mare, looking as a fit subject for cruelty to animals. Jim Rhoades was another heavy buyer, besides the scores of stockmen who did their own shipping. It was nothing to see almost daily some cars and often a string of loaded cattle cars bound for the markets.

Of course this belongs to the period back of our history to be recorded from 1900 to the present, but it is for CONTRAST that I recall it. I'll warrant that it is a rare sight to see a loaded car of wheat, shelled corn, baled hay, cattle, sheep or hogs, leaving the Hill for the markets, at the present time, or many years past.

Of course this is a contributing cause for the loss of retail merchant, so I must not go farther without mentioning that busiest man of all men, highly esteemed by the entire community, named James Andes. For during those busy days of shipping in the years past and gone, he was the farmer's friend, in securing for them the best prices for their products. His purchases for the year during that properous period must have run into the thousands upon thousands, and never to my knowledge or I'll warrant it never happened he took, or even thought of taking, an undue advantage upon the farming element in his immense dealings with them.

What a lasting monument to leave to posterity, and would that we had more in our present economic industry!

It was my good fortune to be associated with my father, the late Lewis Eiler, in the boom period of the Old Home Town. What memories must have come to my old-time friend and business associate, J. J. Leighty of Carthage, Mo., who has been visiting the Hill, in October this year, as he visualized those boom days of the late 80's and early 90's, as compared to the present times, as he walked the streets of Tower Hill and of course noted the contrast with the past.

But Tower Hill's dilemma is not hers alone, for the decay of the small town is universal. The annual report of discontinued post offices even is amazing and hardly believable, all being the result of the growth of the large cities and centralization of retail business in more central points.

The paved road and auto spelled the doom of the village and cross roads town, as space has given way to time and an hour of the days of the prosperous village is only a minute now to speed away to the large city.

The matter of miles today is a very small factor when the mind is made up to go somewhere.

I must not pass this part of our history without going farther into this CONTRAST for the benefit of this present generation, to show them that we are in a changing world, especially of things material, not to mention those of an industrial, spiritual and econmical.

Those prosperous days of big business for our village are recalled by the older generation, now passing but who are familiar with the decline felt soon after the entry into the new century. No doubt this was evident to J.J. Leighty, a recent visitor.

Looking backward from today, we can hardly believe the record and the amount and class of goods sold then, but which now are not even taken into account. For instance to realize that during the days of L. Eiler & Son, General Merchandise, there were 3 large stocks of clothing, dry goods, boots & shoes, etc., beside several exclusive grocery stores, all doing a big business, drawing trade for many miles.

Gradually the town has settled down to a local business, and unfortunately, I can not visualize any advances for reasons economically stated.

I am fearful what the future historian of 50 years might write about our Old Home Town, so dear to us all.

We will now proceed to give as best we can in the limited time we have had to prepare, the various subjects outlined for consideration. Unfortunately they are not arranged to our desire, but to each subject as completed.

The first one we are pleased to record is about the railroads and the telegraph business, which follows next week.

THE RAILROAD INDUSTRY

I am deeply indebted to Ed S. McLean, because of his personal knowledge, for his information concerning this most important part of any village or city's success as a business community.

As a matter of fact, Tower Hill owes its existence to the building of a railroad in the late 50's as per the opening statement of this History of Tower Hill. Remember there were other villages ten to fifteen years old close by in a very prosperous condition, namely Westminster and Williamsburg. Each had arisen to a designation as having a post office, and business of a general nature that gave them a future for considerable growth. But a railroad building through the adjacent country, started the village of Tower Hill, and spelled the doom of all surrounding villages.

My earliest recollection of a railroad in our village dates back to the late 70's, and I can visualize the engine even as of yesterday. A small affair, with the smokestack the largest part of its makeup, perhaps the headlight was next in immensity. Only two large driving wheels, with a cowcatcher extending quite a distance in front, built for those times because of the open country and stock running at large, so they could be shoved to one side in easy manner.

Wood was the fuel and there were great stacks of cord wood on the space directly across the tracks from the present depot.

Those of my generation of course remember the water tank just as you entered the depot platform, and say! how those long icicles hung there in the winter time to the danger of pedestrians. The power for pumping was obtained by mules going the rounds of a horse-power. That old pioneer of R. R. affairs in Tower Hill, Mike Guinee, was not only section foreman, but in charge of all water necessities. Today I recall that continuing grinding of the cogs which set in motion the entire pumping machinery.

Later this old water tank, eyesore to the community, not to mention the unsightly stable right in the center of the business section, was removed, and eventually the Hill was omitted as a watering place.

All these years the village was growing, and becoming a center of trade for miles around, because of the coming of the railroad to take care of the needs of the community.

So in the early 80's the town increasing its local business, and the prosperous times of the agricultural interests, likewise the railroad added to its local needs, and branched out in the system of safety signals, taking it away from the local depot and erecting a tower for that purpose at the crossing of the two R.R.'s and among the first, if not even the first tower man was our friend, Ed. S. McLean, who after over 50 years at this one station retired from active service only this last year or so.

It is Ed who should write the accurate history of our old home town for the last 50 years, for he has been a constant resident and is familiar with all the changes, even to practically a new generation.

Recently yielding to my persuasion he gave me a brief account of this period, specially adhering to R. R. records, which I am taking the liberty to use here in this R. R. chapter. The following is the record as he sent me.

"I (Ed S. McLean) came to Tower Hill as tower operator in the summer of 1884 from the Cleveland division of the then 'Bee Line.' The line up of R. R. agents for Tower Hill was about as follows: A Mr. Craddick was the first, then a skip of some years, and a Mr. Campbell, followed by a J. Thornbrough, Clark Browne, Harry Dickey, H. H. Ingalls (recently deceased), Lee Sammons, Ross Miller, Henry Taylor, Mike Guinnee, and the present agent, Harry Kidwell. This may not be the actual lineup, but these persons have served as agents.

"The B. & O. agents were about as follows in a general way: Slick Gross, Carson Nanny, William Sweazy, Clint Robinson, Bert White and Lee Twiss."

Sad to relate that the B. & O. is practically non-existent as far as doing business with the Hill, even the depot having been moved away.

Here follows some very interesting history of R. R. affairs by Mr. McLean, and I again quote: "In the early 80's the I. & St. L. R. R., which is now the N. Y. Central, moved some 12 passenger trains daily through Tower Hill, with four making regular stops. Over this same road there passed daily 6 regular through freight trains, and two locals.

Over the B. & O. R. R. there were 4 local passenger trains, and 2 through freights with 2 locals daily, making a grand total of 28 trains passing through the town.

"The section foreman for the Big Four R.R. was that much beloved citizen Mike Guinnee, serving longer than any other in the same position, and for the B. & O. R. R. was William Dunn."

Listen to this part of R. R. and business activity, as told by Mr. McLean and I again quote: "Much business was done by the railroads at the Hill in the 80's taking care of the outputs of two large hay barns, as operated by Jim Andes, and the two large elevators operated by Craddick and Brownback

filled to capacity daily with grains, being loaded for the markets, and two large stock yards with almost daily shipments of stock, besides the coming in of loaded cars of merchandise daily for the local merchants. So you see we had activity in railroad affairs.

"I have seen wagons of hay and grain of all kinds block the streets for a block at a time waiting to get in line for unloading. During the wheat harvest season, I have seen that open space around the elevators so dusty from the great amount of travel by loaded wagons, you could scarcely see ten feet.

"During the coal mine's busy season, some 15 to 25 cars were shipped daily which made some activity and business for the railroads.

As to the telegraph business, it was the only source of outside information in the 80's and early 90's and our cash telegraph receipts ran some 20 times or more than at present time. The grain and hay and stock business called for much wire service.

"When I came to the Tower to accept the tower service, the system was safety-gates operated from within the tower by levers, being installed in the new building at the crossing of the two roads. Later the Saxby-Parmer leaf-locking inter-locking plant was installed, being quite an improvement. This was an English invention, which used one lever for each operating function, such as a derail which would ditch a train if they failed to stop on a 'red,' and we had to be very careful as operators and manipulators.

"The tower was rebuilt three times in adding improvements. I think Clark Brown was the first operator to manipulate the gates on the Big Four R. R., and Ed Owen as operator for the B. & O. (Mr. Owen married Miss Effie Fringer, a Tower Hill girl, and now resides at Olney, Ill.)

"For almost fifty years I was in that same position at Tower Hill as first trick operator and manager of the local Western Union business.

"Others acting in the service followed as near as I can place them, as follows: Jim Watson, Winfield Carston, Mr. Dobbins, Jim Roberts, Milt Nerstheimer, Mike Guinnee, and Harry Kidwell, and scores of relief men I can not recall.

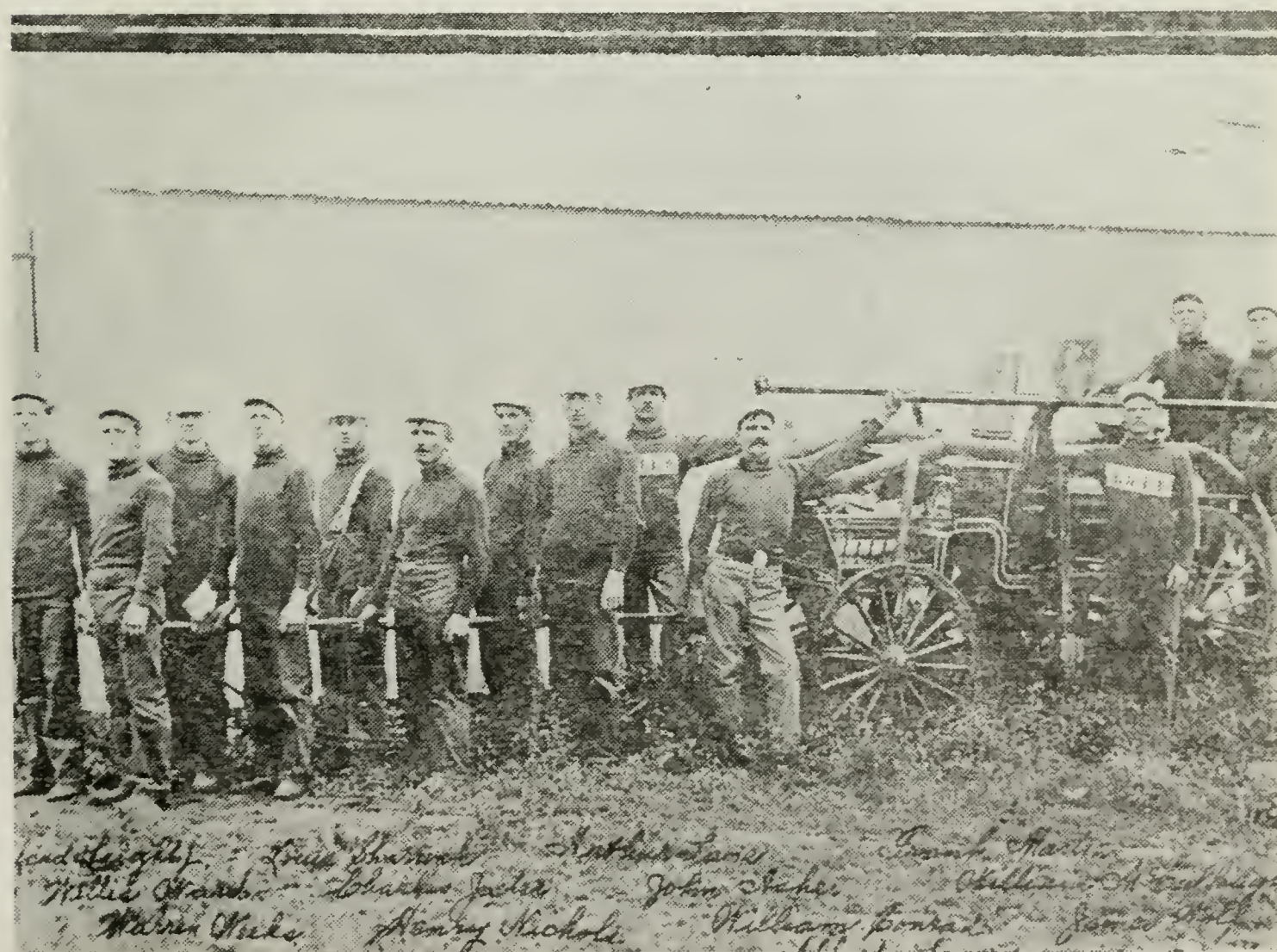
"In my early days in the service we used coal oil lamps in the signal lamps. Some of these signals were half a mile out, and we had 13 lamps to bring in, and clean and put out before dark, and in ALL kinds of weather, and many are the mornings and afternoons when we faced terrible blizzards and snow storms in this daily routine work as no holidays in placing signal lights.

"This work necessitated the hiring of boys, and quite a number too, to assist in this daily task, aside from our office work. Many of these boys never learned or even cared to learn the telegraph business, as I was always eager that they become interested, thus fitting them for positions in life.

"I was always on the alert to note boys who seemed interested, and taught them the system of telegraphy and tower work, and today feel quite proud to know of so many who have made good in this calling.



Tower Hill Band, 1904



Tower Hill Fire Department



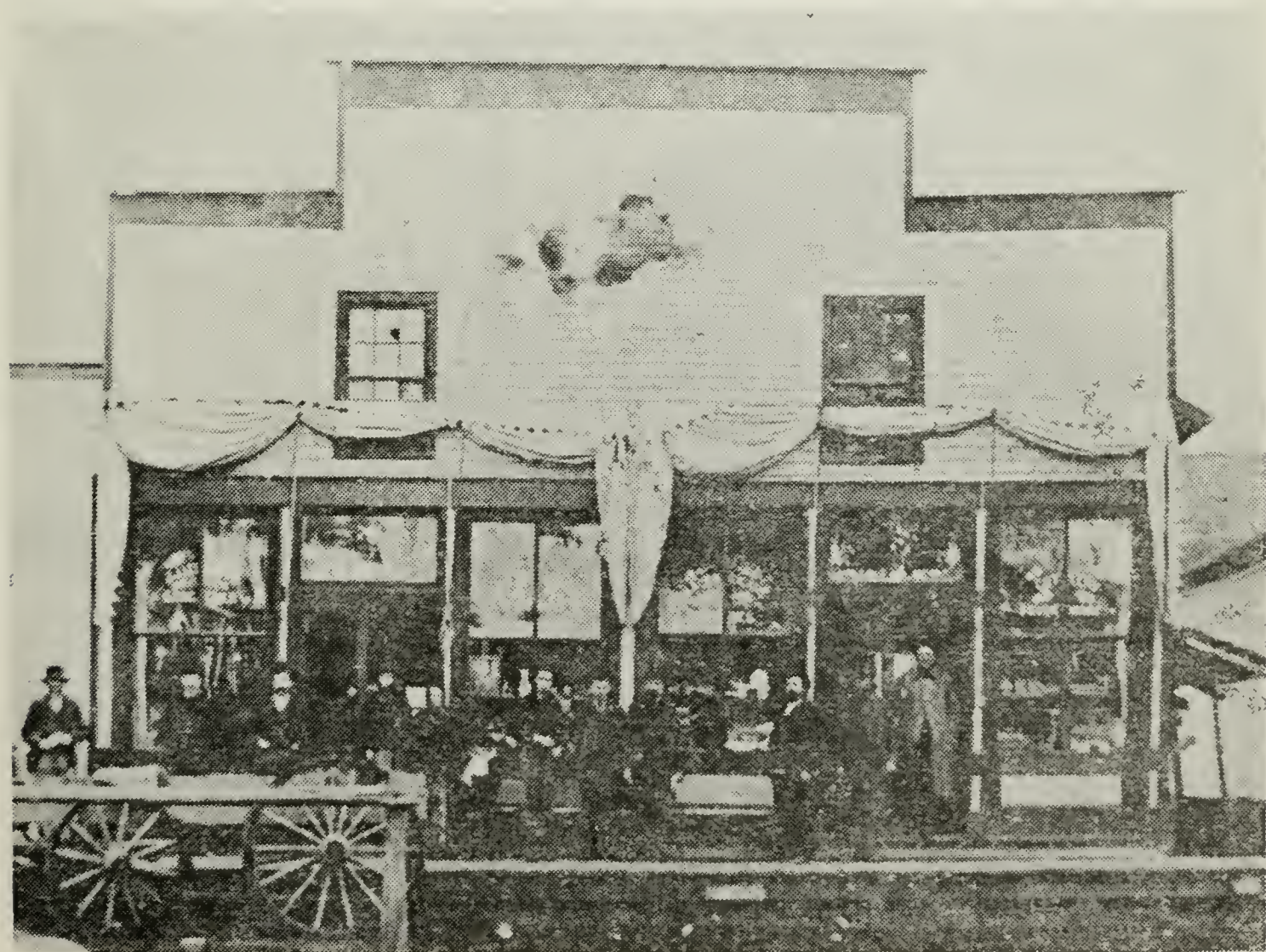
Craddick Residence, 1889



Eiler and Son Dry Goods



Tower Hill School, burned in 1895



J. J. Leighty Grocery and Queensware in the late 80's



The Linder Middlesworth Home, North of Tower Hill



Western Union Telegraph Office, 1896

"Mike Guinnee was my first helper and today holds my old position, having served in R. R. positions of trust all these years in many important places, such as Pana, Wapella, Witt, agent at Tower Hill and now tower man and telegraph operator.

"Homer Jones was alert and earnest in his effort to learn the work, and later occupied many positions on the Big Four and Clover Leaf. He then took up the study of mail service and served in that capacity for several years, finally filling the position of chief clerk in Chicago.

"Dan Guinnee Jr. (deceased), another of my boys, filled the position of dispatcher in Mattoon. Worth Weekers became very efficient and now holds the position as agent at Pekin, Ill., a high class office. Claude Leighty, who I guess has been advanced more than any others whom I taught the system, went to the Wisconsin Central R. R., working up to chief & train master, and during the World War was appointed by Lord Schnaumessey of Canada as Superintendent of telegraph of the whole Canadian Pacific Railway system at Toronto, Canada, with a fat pay check each month.

"After the war Claude had to give way, as per the custom, to a titled crippled Englishman. He is now superintendent of the Oregon Short Line R. R. at Portland Oregon. W. O. Shanks, another tower graduate of the McLean School, has spent most of his R. R. work at Tower Hill.

"Freddie McLean (my son) is now in New York City holding a responsible position as "marker-up" on the N. Y. Stock Exchange, a position which requires only the very best. Freddie has worked in dispatcher's office on the Wabash in Mattoon, then the general office in Decatur and Chicago, was press operator in Chicago, New York and Berkeley, Calif. He was one of the first 5,000 to leave Chicago for France as a soldier in the World War. A short time before enlisting he had a class in Chicago, teaching telegraph and similar work. I am quite certain a Tower Hill boy by name Edgar Russell was a student.

"Fred was rated as one of the most rapid telegraph transmitters of the code in the U.S.A., as some here now can testify.

"John Guinnee, another one of my pupils (now deceased), worked different offices, finally a steady position at the home town. Jim Roberts is another and now is agent on the Northwestern R. R. somewhere in Iowa. William Nance worked for several years at this calling, finally engaging in other business.

"Elmer Leighty and Bennie Henton learned the system, yet neither took it up for a permanent occupation. Bennie as we all know became the great saxophone player in Sousa's band. Elmer is in Decatur in the grocery business.

"Eddie Sidwell worked a short time on the road, then applied and was made wireless operator on a government war vessel. Later he returned to N. Y. where he is handling a flock of ticker tape machines in Stock Exchanges.

"As I now look back at those days I have the satisfaction of knowing that when any of my boys made applications for places of trust, with efficiency as the talking point, that by personal recommendation to the R. R. officials was sufficient recommendation, and I never had a call down as to qualifications.

"By the way, it may be of interest to the public to know that Tower Hill was the first town outside of Cook county to install the interlocking system, and I was the first operator to handle such a system. So the Old Home Town is first in some thing."

Thus ends the first history of the R. R. and Telegraph Industry as furnished by Ed S. Mclean.

CORRECTION—In issue of "Railroads," unfortunately, we omitted the name of Frank Fogarty, who for 20 years was second trick operator at the Tower. He is now supt. of a soda ash deposit operating company in Michigan.

TRAGEDIES

The old home town is no exception to the rule in that it has had its share of the tragedies of life. This is the sad page in the history of any community, but a part of its record. However, we can say that most all the tragedies of Tower Hill were of an accidental nature, and not many of the premeditated affairs.

In all this list I stand corrected as to details, but remember the actual occurrence as a whole only. In the first years of the town's history there are many traditional reports of tragedies, some as serious as a murder. These no doubt were occasioned by the saloon and the rough character of the individuals building the railroad, and the usual condition found in the founding of a new town.

The first tragedy that comes to my mind, is the burning to death of the Guinnee twins. I will confess I was too small to know of the actual occurrence but have heard of it so often that I feel I was old enough to remember this sad incident. This must have occurred around about 1874, earlier and perhaps later. These children were the twins of Mr. and Mrs. Mike Guinnee, who lived at the old home near the business part of town, and known intimately even down to the present generation. (By way of digression, I cannot refrain from stating that on a recent visit to the old home town, I was so saddened as I stood and viewed the spot and ruins of that once popular and happy home. Forty years ago there was no livelier nor happier home in the town, occasioned by so many section boarders and the large family of popular young people. It was from here that happened one of Tower Hill's most sensational elopements. The daughter, Ella Guinnee, being assisted in her flight by my uncle, Linc Sharrock, she being a few hours later the bride of a popular young man, Clark Brown. But, as usual, the good common sense of the parents of the bride, soon extended the welcome hand and all was lovely. But back to the tragedy. Three small children in some way procured the coal oil can and poured the contents upon smoldering embers in the stove, with the usual result of an explosion. They were burned so badly that death ended their suffering

in a few hours. I have often heard my parents, as no doubt a score of others ever afterward, warned their children about pouring oil on a stove, holding up this awful catastrophe as a warning lesson.

Another accidental tragedy happening perhaps a little later than this was the smothering to death of a Gross boy in the wheat bin of the brick elevator. It appears that he with other boys had a fashion of jumping into the large bin of wheat that was being let run through a chute into a car on the siding. In some way he was caught in the suction and carried into the chute where he soon suffocated. I stand corrected but I believe this little boy was a brother of the wife of Mr. James Hunter of our city.

Perhaps of all the tragedies of Tower Hill, there is none so pathetic and in which the whole town poured out their sympathy so universally as that of Alta Heady, who was burned to death through an explosion of a coal oil lamp and which happened in the home near where the present building of the "Times" is located. I remember this so well, and it must have happened in 1877 or 1888, and saddened the entire community. Early one Monday morning in the summer time, Alta picked up the lamp, and wishing to extinguish it, blew down the chimney when lo, an explosion that scattered the burning oil at her feet. Immediately she was a blazing torch, and ran screaming through the rooms, crying for help. Incidentally at this moment, Uncle Jimmy Jones was passing and hearing the screams burst open the door, and found poor Alta had taken refuge behind the door, as her scant clothing had been burned off her body. Medical aid was summoned but to no avail and a few hours soon relieved her of her suffering. Alta was among the most popular of the young people of that day. A member of the Methodist choir, a beautiful, sweet young girl and a spotless character.

I remember as well as yesterday that funeral, because of one incident that fastened itself upon my memory. According to reports current at the time, Alta was engaged to a Tower Hill young man by the name of Charley Baines. While the funeral was in progress at the old Methodist church (now the present Christian church) he stood on the outside refusing to go inside because of his deep grief. I with other kiddies stood in the yard observing what was going on, boy like fashion. Strange but I can see him today as plainly as on that summer afternoon when Charley Baines passed through his Gethsemane, and found no solace for his broken heart. It was only a few days until he left the scenes of his deep sorrow, and turned to the great West for relief. He never returned, and for many years no one knew of his whereabouts.

Many in Tower Hill today remember this awful tragedy and the events and incidents connected with it, and which I have no space to record. But one related by my aunt, Amanda Brant now of Decatur, is very touching. Alta was conscious during her few hours of suffering, and had summoned all her girl friends to be with her in her last hours. Her one last touching request was "Oh girl, don't forget me when I'm gone". Her last few moments were spent exclusively with her fiance. Alta Heady was a sister-in-law of your fellow citizen, Crawford Ward.

The next tragedy that comes to my mind is that of the suicide of Tom Shelton, the son of Dr. Shelton, one of Tower Hill's most favored citizens during the 80's. I am unable to give any details of this sad event or the causes that led to such a rash act. I remember this, that the entire community went out on deepest sympathy to the doctor and his wife, who were much esteemed citizens.

Along in the early 90's the community was shocked again by a similar tragedy in the person of Otto Helt. No greater surprise could have come to any community than the sudden self-destruction of a very promising young man as Otto. This is one of the mysteries of life, and we can only say, "some day, some where."

Most everyone has a memory of some event that happened along with some special day. Just so with me, as there is hardly a Thanksgiving day that comes around but what I think of the sad accidental death of John Brown, one of Tower Hill's brightest young men. This awful tragedy happened in the late 80's when he was boarding a train at Shelbyville for home. The sympathy of the entire community went out to the widowed mother, brother and sisters.

Another mysterious tragedy of an accidental nature happened during the 80's when Mr. Jones, the father of Homer and Frank Jones, met with a mysterious death in Dakota. My vague memory is that he was found in a cave where it appeared that some wild animal had pursued and killed him.

In the early 90's the town was suddenly aroused by the unloading on a car door from the noon passenger train on the Big Four, the body of a young girl who had been struck by the engine this side of Pana. Of all the mysteries in the village this so remains to this day as to her identity. I remember her as she lay there in the baggage room, while many of the scholars, and some teachers were viewing the remains. It was Mrs. Sallie (Richards) Winkleman (who was very deeply affected) and made the emotional remark, "poor girl, some mother's baby." She was buried as I recalled, the first pauper in the Tower Hill cemetery.

Along the same year another shock came to the community when it was reported that a prominent citizen, namely, John E. Lane, had met a like tragedy as related, when he was struck by a Big Four engine while walking home from Pana. It is strange that one who had braved the horrors of war should meet death in such an unexpected manner. But like thousands, no doubt, his mind was thinking of other matters than immediate danger. John E. Lane was the first commander of the J. R. Tilley Post, No. 304, in Tower Hill.

In the early 90's, a Mr. Schaffer, the father of Mrs. Sam Fuget, met a tragic death just a few rods east of the Andes elevator, while crossing the track and emerging from behind some box cars on the siding, and just in time to be struck by the afternoon passenger train. His partial deafness no doubt was responsible for his precarious position to be on the tracks at that time.

Most all cities can point to many of their public buildings which during the course of erection were the scene of many an accidental death. Tower Hill, while not in the city class, has the sad record of the accidental tragedy of Scott Heady, who met his untimely death in an accidental manner while employed in the building of the Methodist church. Scott is a brother of Alta of whom we related her tragic death. There is a memorial window in the church in his memory.

Along in the 90's Mr. Harwood, an elderly man living in the property west of the Stumpf property, while burning trash in the yard in some unaccountable manner found his clothing on fire. Being very feeble he was unable to extinguish it immediately, the burns being so severe as to cause his death in a short time.

In the early 90's Mrs. Jones, the wife of Uncle Jimmy, while coming home on a Sunday afternoon from a meeting at the church and nearing the crossing near the old mill site, thinking she had time to cross the track, and knowing of the approaching fast train was struck and hurled for a considerable distance causing her immediate death.

"Verily in the midst of life we are in the midst of death." As often remarked that, "death is no respecter of persons." We can also say that tragedies are no respector of homes, or the standing of the near relatives. Such is the case as regards the home of Rev. Parks, one of the most respected ministers who ever lived in Tower Hill. On the late 90's his son Tommy, was, found several miles from home in a field with all indications of self destruction.

It was about this time that I moved away from Tower Hill and the events since are mostly remembered by the present generation. As this record is one of the early history of the community, events of these later years must wait for some future historian.

FIRES IN TOWER HILL

Tower Hill like all towns has had her share of conflagrations. It was a long while starting but became a very frequent visitor to the financial hardship of many citizens.

I will stand corrected as to the correct dates as found in an old scrap book of clippings from the Tower Hill Breeze.

The first general fire was that of the destruction of the original building on the east side of the main street when the row of buildings from L. D. Jester's Grocery on the east end to the alley across the present Masonic building. This included the doctor offices of Fringer and Shelton, the Corley drug store, the building on the corner, and all buildings to the alley.

The first one recorded by the Breeze is dated May 18th (not able to give year) and burned over practically the same ground.

The next one appears to be recorded Sept. 26, 1895, at noon, when a fire broke out in Selby's restaurant and destroyed all the buildings in that block on the south side of the railroad. Sparks being carried by a high wind set fire to the school building causing a total loss. Also Dr. Young's barn was destroyed by fire from flying sparks. The next appears to have been Aug. 19, 1901, and originated in the Diamond restaurant, being discovered by Otis Jester so the account states.

It is stated here that the new Howe fighting fire equipment had recently been purchased and this was a fair test of its ability.

The next one is dated Jan. 27, 1905 starting on Sunday morning about 3 A.M. and destroyed the A. R. Robinson and Miller buildings. Another one not dated was the destruction of the Price elevator. Then later the fire on the west side, destroying the Eiler & Son building and adjacent structures. Then shortly the Gross Hotel, and in later years the Wilkinson building. So Tower Hill has been rebuilt over and again because of her many disastrous fires.

THE DOCTORS

Tower Hill has been very fortunate in its past history to boast of a splendid array of medical talent, in fact, above the average for a village of this size. Unfortunately I am unable to appeal to a real pioneer who can assist me as to the early history of the physicians who were residents in the Hill even from the beginning down thru the Civil War days and into the early 70's.

But probably as in all pioneer villages there were numerous so-called "country doctors" more from a neighborhood experience and a natural instinct as "good in sickness" rather than their knowledge of medical science.

Then in birth cases there were women in every community who were called on to assist. In fact, women in pioneer days were almost universally demanded in this particular case of medical need, known as mid-wife.

Right here I can record a bit of family knowledge that has come down in our family from authentic sources regarding the part women played in sickness in the community.

I refer to my great-great-grandmother, Mrs. Mary Magdalene (Wall) Hanson, the wife of our Revolutionary ancestor, John Hanson. She was born in 1765 in Virginia, and died in the "Knobs" community in 1845, and is buried in the abandoned Mildesworth cemetery, a mile and a half north of Tower Hill.

Her tombstone is standing and in good state of preservation, and I would be pleased to have my friends visit the spot and place a wreath as a token of her services in pioneer days. No doubt at all but what she was present in scores of cases of births of ancestors of many citizens of our community.

She was known all over this section of the country for her ability in handling very successfully all manners of ailments. I mention this particular case, because she was typical of many in pioneer days, who assisted by means of common knowledge of using "herbs" and homemade appliances, battled very successfully with all manner of ailments common to the early settler.

The men folk were active also in lines of service requiring more acute skill and strength, such as setting broken bones, dislocated joints, pulling teeth, bleeding a patient and other such strenuous cases as the necessity demanded.

Again I call attention to another one of our family, and known by many in this community. I refer to my grandfather, John Sharrock, who came to this community in 1832 and died in this village in 1896.

He was a pioneer in the early 40's with his wife (Catherine May) living on the Sharrock homestead, about a half mile due east of the Eiler cemetery in what is now a plowed field.

I have in my possession an account from Headen Neil, known by many here, of the part "Uncle" John Sharrock played in the role of country doctor. He was being constantly called on to assist in setting broken bones, dislocated joints, and pulling teeth, and bleeding folks. Only recently it was my privilege to see the forceps he used in this pioneer dentistry. They sure are cruel looking instruments, not so much in the pulling process but a twisting affair that certainly was very painful, bordering on torture.

It is recorded in our family that he would be called at all hours of day and night in the midst of his daily work, but never too busy to lend aid to to one in distress. I refer particularly to broken bones and such surgical work that required strength and nerve. Even at the noon meal time a rider would come galloping into the yard urging immediate help, as a neighbor had met the misfortune in breaking an arm or leg or something else as serious.

Throwing a sheepskin over his favorite traveling horse, perhaps bare-headed and coatless, he rode at breakneck speed to the neighbor needing immediate assistance. From his pioneer experience and unspeakable nerve in handling these extreme surgical cases, being taught from his childhood how to handle these serious mishaps, he became skilled in this activity of needed assistance.

Never receiving any "pay" as it was the pioneer custom for every one to assist the community in any manner where help was needed. If anything approached to payment, it was rendered by lending assistance at hog-killing times, or rail splitting, or some farm task.

So this is a partial picture of early days around Tower Hill before the advent of the "Diploma Graduate" physician.

The average pioneer community were slow in admitting the "newcomer" with his sheepskin guaranteed knowledge of all the ailments the human body was subject, and the university remedies recommended for a cure.

This primitive description of the old-fashioned country doctor brings us down to the period of the Civil War and the 70's.

And here your writer can stretch his memory to around the days of 1876.

My first dim recollection is of one whom I now look back and see bridged the gap so to speak of the days of great-great-grandfather Hanson and Grandfather Sharrock to the sheepskin graduate of medical science.

I refer to that old pioneer family doctor, of the early days of Tower Hill, Doctor Brown, the father of the Brown family so well known even in this generation, namely — Cass, John, Clark, Lucy, Mae and Ollie.

He was our family doctor, and honestly I feel I owe my life to his natural skill and nursing me in a serious ailment, it being a relapse of that dreaded child disease, the measles.

I have often heard my dear mother tell the story when I was so low when even Dr. Brown led my mother from the sick room, saying, "Julia you had better retire, for it will all be over in a few minutes."

But she said "Doc Brown never left me a minute," working alone with all his natural skill to thwart a fatality. And he won. I mention this because Dr. Brown even with only one leg, was of that old type, using a common sense diagnosis of the cause of the ailment, and applying home made remedies to a miraculous success. He had if any, only a limited college medical education.

Along at this same period Tower Hill had 2 other physicians who were of the university type, namely Dr. Fringer and Dr. Morgan. And they soon wove their medical personalities into the favor of the community, so the days of the old fashioned doctor was past. Dr. Morgan later gave up the practice and engaged in the drug store business. I remember so distinctly that old drug store, because at Christmas times it was the only place where toys and candies were kept.

Soon another college doctor hung out his shingle in the Hill, a Dr. Hunt—and I expect almost forgotten by the few old timers. Dr. Hunt was a scholar and educator, taking a keen interest in the public school system, being a member of the school board, and by his interest assisted greatly in making the schools of that day well spoken of as to organization and high grade teachers. Just as a proof take a glance of these names who even today are recognized as examples not even excelled to this period.

Professors—W. G. Kelley (late Judge Kelley of Shelbyville), Wash Rarer (Uncle, I think of Emma Freeze), T. C. Eiler, Cass Brown, Frances Baines, I. L. Brant afterwards a prominent doctor in the Hill), C. O. Bennett (afterwards a prominent physician in Missouri), and so on.

Dr. Hunt was here only a short time, removing about 1880 to Warsaw, Ill. Dr. Fringer was a resident for many years—and remembered by many old timers.

Dr. Morgan after his wife's death sold his drug store to Dr. Fringer, and with his daughter, Anna, removed to Denver, where he died only a few years ago. Then came Dr. Shelton from the south and spent the remainder of his life here. He was a well respected citizen, and his family entered into the life of the community in an affectionate manner.

Then was added another doctor who endeared himself to the community—not only from his medical experience but his interest in music. His life in our midst needs no comment as well know by this generation. Up to about the year 1937 he is the only living doctor of our past medical history. I refer to Dr. Young.

During this period of the late 80's there entered another university graduate and with his many years of university experience he possessed what is considered the greatest asset any physician can possess, that is a natural instinct for diagnosing a sickness. I refer to my dearly beloved uncle, Dr. I. L. Brant. He first settled in Lakewood, but soon felt the Hill offered a more lucrative practice and a broader field of activity. It is common knowledge that he was the most successful doctor in all manners of sickness that ever lived in our community.

But his life was cut short by an early demise in 1897.

And here is where from a personal knowledge we close our history of the medical fraternity, and record from now on the facts and information as furnished by our able assistant Ed S. McLean:

Ed writes me that the 90's recorded in addition to Doctors Brant and Shelton, Dr. A. J. Humphrey, Dr. Frank Martin, a Tower Hill boy, so well known and who married one of our home town girls, namely Miss Ollie McCullough. As we all know Dr. Martin passed away only a few years ago in Pana where he had removed and built up very lucrative practice.

Then another boy of the community hung out his shingle in our midst, Dr. Homer Corley, who still resides in the village. Homer belongs to that old pioneer family of Corleys who are connected not only with early pioneer life but in the mercantile business and preaching profession as well.

From the period of 1900 to the present there has appeared other doctors, as Dr. E. A. Dowell, and Dr. A. J. Hitt. I am informed that Doctors Corley and Hitt are the present physicians in the village.

Two other doctors in denistry are recorded as practicing their profession at different periods since 1900, namely Dr. E. B. Strange, who married Miss Floy Cannon of that old time respected family. Then Dr. John W. Green of the same profession, who resided here from 1914 to 1926 and who also married another of our home grown girls, namely Miss Ruth Foor.

And thus ends our record of the medical fraternity.

NEWSPAPERS

The records show that the earliest paper established was called the "True Democrat" edited by Mit A. Bates. This was shortlived and possibly more of a political nature than one founded upon the interest of the community.

For many years the newspaper interests shied clear of the prosperous village until the early 90's when I. G. Holt started a paper by having the printing done in Indiana. He christened it the "Tower Hill Breeze," a name that became a household word for many years, although there were many shifting scenes in the management.

Later Mr. Holt made arrangements whereby he established a home printing plant. He furnished the community with a good paper, and it was well patronized, but in the midst of its popularity, he died. My recollection is that the plant was idle for some time until purchased by Grant Huntoon, who continued it for several years.

About 1906-7, Mr. Huntoon sold out the "Breeze" to a Mr. Danenberger, who operated the plant for a short time only, and for some time the community was without a paper. It was idle for several years until Mr. W. E. Feuerhan established a paper known as the Tower Hill Times. The records show the first issue was dated Oct. 5, 1921, and has continued in this name to the present.

Before the writer leaves the information about the Breeze under the management of Mr. Huntoon, I want to speak of my recollections of at least 3 persons who were in his employ from time to time and who are well remembered by many of the present generation.

First, a Mr. Lewis L. Sharrock (a cousin of mine) who had in mind the making of the newspaper business his calling, but later changed to a medical profession as a chiropractor, and very successful, finally locating in Los Angeles, where he died in 1926.

Second, Miss Mae Price, who became very efficient as a typesetter, and general newspaper work, later resigned, removing to Kansas City, where she passed away.

Third, Mr. Worth Weeks, in the employ of the Breeze for some time, later took up the telegraph work under the splendid tutelage of our esteemed citizen, Ed S. McLean, and was not long in finding his place in railway work, following it all these years until today we find him as station agent in the great city of Pekin, Illinois. A letter from him recently spoke of his excellent position and his love for the "Old Home Town."

Going back to the Times under Mr. Feuerhan, we find he gave the community a splendid newsy paper, and in connection had a large outlay in presses and printing material, doing a big job business.

But from lack of local advertising and support of the subscribing element, about 10 years ago he combined his plant with that of his Assumption office, and finally in December, 1935, announced the discontinuance of the printing of the Times.

At that time the present owners, Pana News Inc., bought right, title and interest and continued publication.

A personal remark here, and I feel it is unanimous that of all newspapers published in the Hill, for general local news, writeups, and general make-up, the present owners are giving the community the best country paper possible, and best ever published. But I want to sound a note of warning to the public in general, that from my past experience of 40 years with the business end of the country newspaper, it can't be run as a donation to the public, but must have the united support of both the merchants and the public in general in a monetary way. The village paper should be the civic pride of the community and arrangements made to support its publication, if in no other way then by a subsidized endowment. This is a suggestion that should not be cast aside.

MASONIC LODGE

In addition to the various items of interest that make for a community besides its churches, schoolhouses and printing office, of which Tower Hill can boast of, one more modern structure adorns her business center, which stands as a monument not only to civic pride, but of the culmination of a long cherished desire of a group of men whose "dream came true," is that splendid Masonic building. Built upon that old pioneer spot known as the John F. Moore corner, it occupies a commanding position, facing west with its imposing front of Grecian architecture.

Tower Hill Lodge A. F. & A. M., No. 493, organized in 1866 is the proud owner of this structure. (By way of special interest I find the records show that among the original charter members of this lodge organized in 1866, that only recently the last one passed away, namely, Martin Hanson, dying at the age of 88 years).

An interesting page in the history of Tower Hill and the community is the official census record as furnished by the Department at Washington.

Yr.	Cold Spring Twp.	Tower Hill Twp.	Vil.
1860	1017	312	
1870	1656	1176	
1880	1864	1478	392
1890	2021	1549	543
1900	1133	1538	615
1910	978	1832	1040
1920	910	1541	769

THE POSTOFFICE

Previously I spoke of the first postmaster, Mr. Thomas Craddock, who was appointed postmaster at Westminster August 23, 1854, and so continued until May 11, 1857, when the postoffice at Westminster was discontinued, and Alexander (Elick) Hunter was made the first postmaster at Tower Hill. The others are as follows: Robert B. Poors, Sept. 27, 1858; Thomas Craddock again Feb. 15, 1859; and strange to relate and which may be a surprise to many, I see by the official records that the office at Tower Hill was discontinued that same year on Oct. 28, 1859, and re-established Dec. 15, 1860. No reason is given, but for over a year Tower Hill was without a postoffice. On the same day of re-establishing, Thomas W. Craddock was re-instated as postmaster Dec. 15, 1860. To this day there has been a continuous office as follows: William Harrison, July 9, 1863; Alburtus V. Harper, April 10, 1866; Ambrose M. Craddock, Feb. 24, 1868; Ner Middlesworth, April 15, 1869; Harvey B. Baines, March 31, 1873; John Weeks, Nov. 16, 1881; Henry K. Baines, Aug. 31, 1885; Susan E. Baines, Dec. 7, 1888; John Weeks, April 13, 1889; John W. Deane, June 23, 1893; Hugh P. Faught, July 20, 1897 (20 years); Fannie S. Morrison, April 24, 1917; Thomas Verner Eiler, Dec. 22, 1921.

In our previous article about the post office we left off with Verner Eiler being appointed Postmaster on Dec. 22, 1921, and served until 1929. His wife, Mary Eiler, as deputy, became acting postmistress in 1929 and served until 1933 when Ora C. Maze succeeded as postmaster and continues to the present time.

Through his kindness Mr. Maze has given me the rural department record as follows: The records show that Tower Hill office was designated as a rural center in April, 1901, with our old friend Lem W. Morrison as the first rural carrier. He served in this capacity until 1922, retiring on a government pension.

Others who were given rural routes in the beginning and at later times serving 4 routes were as follows: William Tilley, Ray Stumpf, Charles Morrison, Wm. Fluckey, George Myers, Charles Inman, Roy Rhodes, Frank Lane, Jesse Cullumber, L. F. Story.

A few years ago the 4 routes were consolidated into 2 with John J. Rhodes serving route No. 1 with a mileage of 43 miles and Walter Myers serving route No.2 with 42.90 miles.

In the boom days of the late 80's and 90's the mail receipts were heavy, and my recollection is that the office received mail daily from 6 trains and possibly more. The morning mail from the B. & O. was the heaviest, and I can yet visualize the crowds in the office awaiting the final distribution of the mail.

The outstanding characters as postmasters as I look back 50 years or more were H. K. Baines, with his wife as deputy, then came that most obliging public servant the Hon. John Weeks, with his gracious deputy, the daughter, Miss Stella.

Others who followed later were no doubt just as obliging, but my removal from the Hill left me without personal acquaintance. (I have been persuading Miss Stella Weeks (now Mrs. Hunter) to write of her experience as postmistress in the Hill fifty years ago, and hope she will respond, for no doubt it would be very interesting in speaking of the citizens of that day and their peculiarities. It is a generation almost gone).

(The following is the personal reminiscence of the oldest official of the history of the Post Office at Tower Hill, in the person of Mrs. Stella (Weeks) Hunter, now of Cowden. She is the daughter of John Weeks who was P. M. in the late 80's and the daughter, then Miss Stella, was the efficient deputy. This installment has to do with history reaching back almost a half century, and I feel the Times readers will appreciate the effort. H. E.)

I felt quite honored, recently, when I received a letter from my old-time friend and classmate Homer Eiler, now of Pasadena, California, asking me to contribute a chapter, or, rather, a few reminiscences to the history of Tower Hill which he is at present writing and publishing in the Tower Hill Times. I am happy to add my contribution. Tower Hill is my native town. Mr. Eiler has asked me to write of the time when my father, the late John Weeks, was postmaster, and I was his deputy.

My father served 2 terms, the first under the Garfield-Arthur administration. My mother helped him during that term for I had not reached the age required by the postal laws. I think I helped him some at the last of his term.

Grover Cleveland was the next president of the United States and since the policy of each of the 2 great political parties had long been "to the victor belong the spoils," it was to be expected that a man of the same political faith as that of the president would succeed my father. If I remember correctly the new appointee was the same man whom my father had succeeded, namely, H. K. Baines. Mr. B. with Mrs. B. as his assistant, were good, pleasant, accommodating officials.

Benjamin Harrison was elected on the Republican ticket at the close of Mr. Cleveland's first term, and my father was appointed postmaster, again succeeding Mr. Baines. I was his assistant until late 1892, when I was married.

I like to remember my father's integrity, there, as elsewhere, his desire to please, his willingness to accommodate his patrons in every way possible, his patience in explaining the minutest details, and I pause here to pay tribute to his memory. Of course he made mistakes—he was human. I remember one he made very well. In distributing the mail one morning he put a card in a box adjoining the right one. The man to whom the card belonged came in soon after and I gave him his mail. In the meantime I had discovered the error and put the card in the right box. Later, this man came in on another errand, saw the card in his box, asked for it and also asked me how it happened that he hadn't got it when he got the rest of his mail

that morning for there had been no other mails in since. He told my father a number of years afterward about it and said that I had very nonchalantly replied, "Oh, I hadn't had time to read it then!" I do not remember saying that, but I certainly shall not deny it, nor try to excuse myself, for it was grossly impudent. I wonder if E. S. McLean still remembers that episode.

During my father's 2 terms the post office was housed in 4 different buildings. First, in the little frame house just north of the Corley brick store building, then across the street next to the Dutton and Craddock store, then in the building just east of the M. Guinee residence, and finally to a building between the railroads and just across the street from the old Gross hotel.

Those were the days before Rural Free Delivery had been made possible, the days before paved or gravelled or any kind of surfaced roads and it seems to me as I look back that the dirt roads that we have today never get as muddy as those did. Mud to the axles, roads well nigh impassible for weeks at a time during the winter and spring months! How the mail did pile up for the folk living in the rural districts; stacks of newspapers, numbers of letters, sometimes over a period of a month or 6 weeks. But anyway, they were news when the owners did get them, for we had no party line telephones and there was no radio to bring the world's latest news to us as we sat in our comfortable living rooms, news we now know before we look at the morning paper. If Edward VII had lived in those times we would have been compelled to learn from the paper that he felt unable to carry on as king without the "help and support of the woman he loved."

We had 4 mails a day, 2 each on the B.&O. and the Big Four, later, there was a closed early mail besides. Who can forget the coming in of the mail? It was an event occurring 4 times every day and yet each event just a bit different. I doubt if one could find a corporal's guard of those who used to "wait for the mail" and yet the front of the office was usually full. Some would be waiting for letters that gave them a starry-eyed look just in anticipation, older people waited for their favorite newspapers, others waited who didn't expect mail and were not disappointed—all in all it was always a happy crowd, typical of the small community, knowing each others' good and bad qualities, and excusing the bad, remembered the good and continued to be kind and neighborly, and as they waited they laughed and joked and kidded one another, and discussed the affairs of the day, local and otherwise.

Everywhere groups are largely the same. Some are courteous, others are not. So in the village post office. Some demanded being waited on, no matter how busy one was, others politely waited their turn, gave a smile and a "thank you."

Once in a while a patron would declare that a certain letter should be there and darkly hint that there was a possibility of something being crooked about that particular post office. I remember one lovely spring afternoon I was alone in the office and a woman came to the window and asked for mail for a certain name. I looked in the general delivery and there were neither letters nor papers and told her as nicely as I knew how that there was nothing for that name. She informed me that there should be a large number of newspapers, I have forgotten now how many, that they had been destroyed at that place and that she was going to have such carelessness

looked into and I think that she painted the prison for us, and besides, keeping all her papers, she said that that very day a money order had been bought at the Robinson Creek post office, payable to her and mailed that very day to her at Tower Hill on the afternoon train and here I said she had no mail, and so on.

My dad always said try to explain but never talk back to patrons. I tried to tell her that Robinson Creek was not a money order office but didn't get much of a chance. She finally ran down as people and clocks do, but I have often wondered if she ever got that money. Well, that is just one disagreeable, unreasonable person one meets in any kind of public work to one hundred, kindly, understanding, reasonable ones. One soon forgets the one in the pleasure derived from the other hundred.

I think of the friendly business men of old T. H. who came to the office, R. E. Cannon, J. A. Andes, the Eilers, Fred Stumpf, Doug Corley, always with a new joke, and so many more that I haven't space to name. I think every one of them that I knew when I worked in the Tower Hill post office are sleeping out in the cemetery along with my own parents and my brother, Chase.

The mail order houses in those days had hardly passed the embryo stage, there were not so many magazines and periodicals as now, Christmas was not the time of extensive giving as it is at present, Christmas, birthday and Easter cards were yet to be thought of, Mother's Day and Dad's Day had not been placed on the calendar, the parcel post law was 2 or more decades in the future—consequently the volume of mail was small compared to these days when even a baby has been sent by parcel and thousands of baby chicks, eggs and hundreds of other things that we never dreamed of now reach their destination thru the efficiency of Uncle Sam's mail service. The only thing alive that I ever remember going through our office was a queen bee consigned to Geo. W. Grisso from that great bee man, A. I. Root, Medina, Ohio. There was some royal buzzing in the office that day until Mr. Grisso took her majesty home.

At the time of which I am writing, the Tower Hill post office was a fourth class office, and as such, the boxes and rentals belonged to the postmaster. The rental was ten cents a quarter, and my dad maintained that everyone should own a box, but somehow he never succeeded in getting the matter entirely over.

Looking back across the more than forty years of a busy life with its attendant problems and perplexities, its joys and sorrows, I am surprised that I still remember so many of the box numbers and their owners. The rental was donated to the different ministers. I can still almost hear the old Presbyterian minister, so long the shepherd of the flock in Tower Hill, the Rev. Adam Johnston, call in his gruff Scotch voice, "77." The Methodist minister's box was 47, and that of the Free Methodist, 37.

There are confidences and other peoples' secrets associated with a village post office that are to be kept inviolate and I am glad to be able to say that so far as I know neither my father nor I ever betrayed these things. I have often wondered, if some things had been told just what sort of an uproar would have been created.

Memories are crowding in faster than I can make my typewriter go and I almost forget that there are lines on my face and gray hairs on my temples, for it seems but yesterday that I was handing out mail to so many that I am thinking of, who have been gone so long, Miss Jennie Hook, for one, who came regularly every day, rain or shine. Homer says she wore a red Paisley shawl. I don't remember about that.

Well, one who used to wait for the mail is postmaster there now, and I am wondering. Do folks still wait for the mail? Are some still critical and accusing and fault-finding and refuse to understand? Are some still kindly and charitable if a mistake is made? Do some come in with a cheery "Good Morning"? Are there still some who smile and say "Thank you"? Does the ratio still stand one hundred nice, pleasant patrons to the one habitual grouch? Human nature doesn't change much and "We are the same that our fathers have been."

Respectfully,
Mrs. Stella (Weeks) Hunter.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

This interesting item was very intelligently compiled during the last year by Mrs. Eva Myres and others, and with their courtesy will incorporate into this history bits of that history.

Mrs. Eva (Hook) Cannon wrote of her early memory: "In 1866 the first school building, a one-room frame building stood facing the south about where the present west wing of the present building stands. It had two front doors and the teacher's desk just between them. There were nine double desks and seats on the east side and nine on the west, with recitation seats in the center of the building. Mrs. Dave Canaan was one of the first teachers, also a one-armed man, a Mr. Miller, who taught about 1867. D. S. Brown taught two terms during the last of which the pupils were divided, Cass Brown taking the first and second grades to a building just between the present post office and the M.E. parsonage. (This building is at present H. H. Runkel's garage).

In these earlier days it was often the privilege of the older pupils to teach the younger pupils, just to help the teacher. Imagine a class of eighteen or twenty standing up just before evening closing in the 'big spelling class.' The one at the head went to the foot for the next day, but often a good speller has spelled down the whole class, and stands at the head the next day."

From other records I find that the first schoolhouse erected in Tower Hill township was called "Old Hickory," a log cabin building. It stood in the center of section 3, Charles McCabe was the first teacher. It must be remembered that there were other school buildings in different sections of the county. And ever so interesting to note that a school building had been erected as early as 1821 in the Cold Spring village with Moses Storey as teacher. This was fully thirty-five years before the one at "Old Hickory." This gives you an idea of the early records as to settlement of Williamsburg.

In the late 60's a second building was erected on the site of the present schoolground, because of the growth of the village of Tower Hill. In the early 70's J. W. Sharrock, a Civil War veteran, was one of the teachers. The readers of the Times will remember of reading his obituary published during the last year. he dying at the age of 84 years. It was the writer's privilege to be a scholar in 1874 in the room of this respected citizen, soldier, and teacher. He was my first teacher and very distinctly do I remember my first day of school. I note with much interest the change in methods of teaching in those days as compared to the present. Then it was the A.B.C. method and formulating into words, now the word and sentence method.

In the late 70's Miss Frances (Frank) Baines, and W. C. Kelley (a lawyer of Shelbyville) and Wash Rarer were teachers. Dr. I. L. Brant was a teacher in 1879.

Mrs. Sarah E. Howard contributed the following: "In 1880 Dexter Corley was principal, Louis Leighty and Sarah E. Howard as teachers. A school building west of town had been moved in and joined to the first building. (At present these buildings are residences in Tower Hill, one occupied by O. Y. Roberts, the other by Miss Nettie Crout)."

In the early 80's Cass and John ——— were teachers, and the Tower Hill high school had established a reputation for thoroughness, and was attracting many students from the surrounding country.

For want of space we refrain from recording the list of teachers from this time until the present.

The frame buildings stood for several years until a fire destroyed them. They have been built from time to time until today a modern plant is the pride of the community. The curriculum has also been improved until today the various courses compare favorably with larger communities.

THE COMMUNITY HIGH SCHOOL

While the village of Tower Hill has met a very decided adverse record as to the matter of general merchandise business as a trading center, and a stock and grain shipping point for the community, as compared to the period of the '80's and 90's and the same decline applying to the population, church and Sunday school, yet it has made an extraordinary advancement in the matter of general education in local grade work, and specially in the establishment of a Community High school.

Previous to the '20s it had been the community talk pro and con, as to the advisability of the establishment of a Community High school to meet the demands of the 8th grade graduates of the town and rural centers, that these pupils could have the advantage of an accredited high school within their midst, and thus from an economical view secure for them this advanced course. without seeking such in other established educational centers.

Meeting the demands of the surrounding districts, the proposition of organization was finally taken up with those interested, and the dream finally took definite form with the boundaries fixed at 62 square miles, with 230 property owners in this district, all legal matters adjusted properly, and in the fall of 1922 saw the opening officially of the Tower Hill Communitiy High school, with Mrs. Etta M. Russell as principal, and assistants Miss Opal M. Fry and L. C. Cannon|

The enrollment the first year was 47 with a graduating class of 3. It may be of interest to recall that the first commencement was held in the Fluckey Opera house, and in connection all those events that go to make up that very interesting program. The baccalaureate sermon was delivered by the Rev. J. C. Yeck, pastor of the Free Methodist church of the village.

The graduates were Leah Selby, now Mrs. Ernest Crum, living in Colorado; Grace Selby, now Mrs. Roland Meyers, living near Tower Hill, and Frederick Blauth, a citizen of the town, and now serving as Highway Commissioner for the township.

The records show a fourth member of the class as Miss Ethel Henderson, who died at near Christmas time of the year.

It was apparent that the establishment of this advanced grade of learning was meeting with the approval by the community interests, because of the economical advantage of having within their own midst, that advantage for which students had to seek elsewhere.

Then the decision of the educational board to emphasize the courses of study that would apply directly to this agricultural region, such as Commercial and Vocational Agriculture, made many friends of the project.

In addition to this there is the regular high school course of Mathematics, Languages, History, Literature and the Sciences.

The matter of stressing the athletic phase of the curriculum met with favor as such a course is a universal support in all institutions, so a program commensurate with the institution was planned and is being carried out.

The records show that a regular athletic schedule was introduced by Prof. W. B. Garvin of the faculty who had succeeded Mrs. Russell as principal in 1923-24.

The games basketball and football were played for a time, under the coaching of L. C. Cannon. After a few years the department dropped football, but basketball continued and remains as a definite program of athletic contests to the present time.

Athletic work for girls was introduced into the school program in 1925, when Miss Hazel J. Wheeler became a member of the faculty. Inter-high school contests have never been sponsored for girls because of the ruling by the Illinois State High School Athletic association to that effect.

Class teams of basketball for girls have been organized each year and compete with each other during athletic class periods.

The coaches who have directed the basketball teams have been as follows: W. B. Garvin, L. C. Cannon, Walter Smith, Roy Adams, Harlan Walley, Albert Millington, and the present coach, Dawn Neil, who has been a member of the faculty for 4 years, and is a graduate of the class of '27.

I wish it were possible to extend the history and give a list of all the members of the faculty from the beginning, also to include a catalogue of the course of study, and the listing of the text books, with comments on the courses of study, as compared to that of 50 years ago when the writer was a student in the Tower Hill grade school, but space forbids.

As we have already noted, the establishment of the school met with a hearty response by the patrons of the district. The enrollment increasing each year it was soon apparent that larger quarters would be necessary to take care of the increase.

So while it was learned in 1934 that Federal agencies monetary assistance could be secured, the board took necessary steps in an election held to vote on a proposition of a new school building, which was carried

A new building, located in the south part of town, costing around \$68,000 was erected and occupied in February of 1935. This building is the result of the architect's best planning for conveniences, and is sufficient to take care of the needs for many years to come.

At the time of planning and construction of this new building, the Board of Education was composed of the following citizens: C. J. Sibbitt, pres., Paul Blauth, clerk, and directors Edward Schoch, George Fringer and Dale Glick.

For the year 1936-7 a faculty of 6 comprise the teaching staff, with an enrollment of 102 and a graduating class of 18 which record speaks for itself as to the popularity of the school.

The present principal is Miss Hazei J. Wheeler, who came to the school in 1925 as a member of the faculty, from the Central Missouri State Teachers college with her B.S. and A.B. degrees and the Degree of A.M. from Missouri State university.

The present Board of Education is Charles J. Sibbitt, pres., Paul Blauth, as clerk, and directors Albert Doll, Dale Glick and Roy Hockaday.

The writer wishes to add this bit of comment, in complimenting the youth of today on their excellent opportunities in obtaining at home what those of a generatin ago had to migrate to some distant seat of learning, to possess knowledge of a character perhaps not as well presented as at the present time.

Special acknowledgment is due the principal, Miss Wheeler, for the facts and information in general so kindly given the writer in presenting this record.

CHURCH HISTORY

As previously related the churches came to the Hill with the advent of the first showing of citizens sufficient for an organization. The traveling preacher was in evidence with the first settlers and community gatherings were frequent. Camp meetings were the most popular method of reaching the people. As stated Williamsburg led the country for its old-fashioned, prolonged religious gatherings, because of the splendid natural advantages in shade and spring water. Many of the early settlers of Tower Hill date their religious experience to the Ridge camp meeting.

Organized classes of Methodists and Baptists were formed in many of the settlements, long before there was a Tower Hill. So when the new town started it meant another organized class, and as the town grew, so did the classes.

I find that the first sermon preached in Tower Hill was in 1857 by Rev. Levi Munson, a local preacher, who resided west of town. He organized the first Sunday School, and a class meeting which formed the beginning of the Methodist church in Tower Hill.

These organizations of different denominations met in the homes, school-houses and open camp grounds until they were strong enough to build.

About 1866 the Methodists built a church on the site of the present Christian church. Later it was rebuilt larger and improved, the present building of the Christians being the one the last generation is familiar with. Prominent among those who contributed to the new building were: Rev. B. W. F. Corley, Rev. Elisha Hook, H. K. Baines and James P. Selby. The building was dedicated by the Rev. Hiram Buck.

From the official records I find the Methodist minister who made Tower Hill as one of their preaching points started in 1862 with Rev. T. S. Johnson. The list continues as follows: In 1863 to '65 it was supplied by Rev. B. W. F. Corley; 1865 by Rev. J. W. Boon; 1866 by Rev. J. Villars; 1867, Rev. J. W. Warfield; 1868, Rev. W. A. Gales; 1869, Rev. T. M. Dillon; 1870, Rev. P. A. Swartz; 1871, Rev. J. Pollet; 1872, Rev. D. H. Stubblefield; 1873-4, Rev. I. N. Rhodes; 1875, Rev. J. W. Warfield; 1876, Rev. D. H. Stubblefield; 1877, Rev. E. S. Wamsley; 1878-9, Rev. M. B. McFadden; 1880-1, Rev. A. B. McElfresh; 1881-4, Rev. H. T. Collins; 1885-6, Rev. J. B. Martin, who built the present building dedicated in November 1893. The balance of the ministers are remembered.

The Baptists were very strong in the rural districts, specially in the Williamsburg region and the Knobs, where church buildings were erected and to this day organizations are active.

The United Brethren also were a strong body, specially in the Eiler church community, where they maintained one of the strongest organizations in all the country. Time and space will not permit of the history of this body, only to say that they continued their work there until the early 80's when the organization was disbanded.

The Presbyterians came in 1867 and formed an organization with sixteen members, which was perfected by Rev. A. T. Norton and Rev. William Titworth of the Alton Presbytery. They erected a building in the 70's on the site of the present location, the eastern part of the present building being the original structure. This church has been a great force in forming and moulding Christian character in Tower Hill.

There is one minister of the Presbyterian church who deserves special mention, because of the practical work as a pastor of a flock. Though dead these many years, the name of Rev. Adam Johnson, together with his devout wife is still held in reverence by many residents of Tower Hill to this day.

The Free Methodist congregation established themselves here in the early 80's and are a great spiritual power in the community. The history of the church can never be written intelligently without weaving into its record the name of that early pioneer settler, merchant, respected citizen and preacher, the Rev. B. W. F. Corley.

An incident of unusual interest connected with this church is the sudden death of this respected member while the funeral sermon of his wife was being preached. The services were abruptly ended and the following day a double funeral was performed.

The Christian church located here in the 90's, purchasing the old Methodist building. They have succeeded splendidly in building up a fine organization and are very zealous in their spiritual endeavors.

METHODIST CHURCH

In the former history of the Methodist church, I left off with the dedication of the present church on Nov. 3, 1893, with Rev. J. B. Martin as pastor, and the writer as superintendent of the Sunday school, and I feel highly honored to know that I held the first religious service in the present building.

Those were prosperous days for the church, in fact all the churches of the village reached what we now look back to as "peak years" in interest, and membership. For historical record we feel it is necessary to give a list of the pastors who have served the congregation from where we left off in our former write-up, which was Rev. H. T. Collins, who ended his pastorate in 1885.

Others down to the present are as follows, as furnished by the present pastor, the Rev. Paul J. DuBois, who has so kindly assisted in the history.

Rev. T. O. Batey 1885-87; Rev. Peter Slagle 1887-90; Rev. A. M. Campbell 1890-92; Rev. John B. Martin 1892-95; Rev. J. L. B. Ellis 1895-96; Rev. Jasper Miller 1896-99; Rev. G. W. Olmstead 1899-1902; Rev. T. F. Shouse 1902-04; Rev. Walter Mitchell 1904-06; Rev. T. F. Garrett 1906-08; Rev. J. D. Hennesey 1908-10; Rev. H. U. Krusan 1910-14; Rev. F. C. Bonnefan 1914-16; Rev. Charles Wehrman 1916-18; Rev. Homer Delap 1918-19; Rev. S. R. Reno 1919-22; Rev. S. F. Weaver 1922-24; Rev. Harry M. Ingram 1924-27; Rev. George Fidler 1927-29; Rev. Paul Wilson 1929-35; Rev. Ray Corrothers 1935-36; Rev. Paul J. Dubois 1936—present pastor.

The present pastor is the 39th in number who has served this community. The membership, like in all the churches, has been in a decreasing number for many, many years, until at present it is no secret that for efficiency in church activity, in the small village there must come sooner or later a general uniting under the head of Community Fellowship.

The days of hair-splitting creeds and dogmas and denominationalism is fast passing into history as the public is looking at the proposition, notwithstanding the many "die-hards" in denominations are trying to block the coming of the future church. It is being done in foreign fields—why not at home? It is coming—the Community church the present generation demand it.

Continuing our history of the present church, not much can be added since the occupation of the present building in 1893. The only improvement has been the excavation of a basement where many social functions can be better accommodated. A furnace was installed, adding greatly to the comfort of the congregation.

The history of the church is not complete without an account of the activity all these fifty years or more of the young folks. Here is where I can speak personally of the organization of that splendid young people's society, namely the Epworth League, for with others I had a part in starting this organization.

In searching for back records, I was finally rewarded in receiving from my dear sister, Mrs. Mary (Eiler) Robinson, of Denver, Colo., a church directory of the Tower Hill Methodist church, dated 1900, which certainly is a very interesting document.

Here I find the following facts relative to the Epworth League, it being organized Dec. 3, 1889, with a charter number 1584, and the following officials: Pres., John A. McCormick; 1st vice-pres., Mary C. Eiler; 2nd vice-pres., Lillie Cannon; 3rd vice-pres., Pruella Reed; 4th vice-pres., Nellie Higginbotham; secy., W.T. Ward; treas., Hattie Evey.

It is remarkable that after 48 years, there has been only one death, namely John A. McCormick, and 3 still live in the town. Unfortunately, for some unknown reason we find the statement, that this society did not flourish, and was discontinued after a few months, but on Nov. 12, 1890, there was a re-organization and has continued ever since.

I find the officers for the year 1900 were as follows: Pres., Mrs. Anna Lane; 1st vice-pres., Miss Hattie Evey; 2nd vice-pres., Mrs. Maude (Richardson) Miller; 3rd vice-pres., Frank Lane; 4th vice-pres., Mrs. Olmstead (wife of the pastor); secy., Miss Emma Freeze. treas., Miss Bertha Higginbotham; organist, Miss Gertie Charlton; asst., Miss Oma Dean; chorister, Miss Emma Dutton.

I find the membership was 66 in 1900, and the list is very interesting, for to my personal knowledge 20 are dead; 20 have moved away; the balance are strange names. The Junior League was in 1900 very active with 34 members with Miss Jennie O'Brien as superintendent.

The present membership of the Senior Epworth League is 28 with the following officers:

Pres., Glenn Stilgebauer; 1st vice-pres., John Nicol; 2nd vice-pres., Winona Hamilton; 3rd vice-pres., Helen Borton; 4th vice-pres., James Riley; secy.-treas., Helen Pauley.

Because of the historical value of this wonderful find of my sister, of the Methodist directory for 1900, I can not pass it by without relating some very interesting facts for future records.

Rev. G. W. Olmsted was pastor, and the membership was 188 with names listed, and certainly is very interesting to study them. Here are a few facts that I glean. Personally that I know there are 90 dead; 55 moved away, and balance are strangers to me. Verily the finger of time deals harshly in a space of only 37 years.

Then there are 2 full pages of pictures of officials, one page being of the 9 trustees, and 7 are dead; 2 alive are Elvin Maze and John R. Henton. Note this list of deceased: D. C. Ward, S. W. Dutton, A. R. Robinson, Jesse W. Foor, Jimmy Jones, David Ashe, J. W. Dean.

The 2nd page is the choir of 11 members and I note 5 are deceased. Here is the list: Lizzie Cannon, Mrs. Lucy Foor, Miss G. Charlton, Mrs. Gertie Henton (D), F.H. Lane, Emma Dutton, Hattie Evey, W. J. Richardson (D), Mrs. Ida Longwell, S. W. Dutton(D), W. F. Miller (D). (Those marked (D) deceased; balance have moved to other parts).

Note the booklet contains list of merchants advertising, and only 2 are now of Tower Hill, namely, L. B. Fluckey and Ed S. McLean.

There is a large picture of that dear saint to us all, Mrs. Marcella Stumpf, only deceased 2 years ago. She was S.S. superintendent in 1900.

Thus endeth the Methodist history. Please preserve for the future. Thanks to Miss Helen Pauley for her deep interest in assisting with securing of records.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

In our old history we spoke of the organization of this church in 1867, and the erection of the present building in the early 70's, and paid special mention to one well known minister, Rev. Adam Johnson, who became pastor in 1876 and served until 1887.

For the benefit of our readers and future generations, we are pleased to give an official list of all pastors to date from 1876. Unfortunately we were not able to secure dates, so give names only, as follows: Rev. Adam Johnson 1876-1887; Rev. Dunn, Rev. S. W. Zeller, Rev. Leonard Keeler, Rev. Thomas Parks, Rev. Elijah Thompson, Rev. W. C. Green, Rev. Geo. B. Smith, Rev. S. W. Patterson, Rev. Henry Love, Rev. John McMillan, Rev. R. H. McHenry, Rev. T. C. Hackenburg, Rev. J. M. Hicks, Rev. S. D. McCrackin, Rev. Ello, Rev. R. L. McWherter, Rev. Hess from 1929 to 1931, and from this date there has been no regular pastor.

The records show that at present the oldest members are Miss Sarah Leighty, Mrs. Mary Sibbitt, Miss Ella Leighty, Mrs. Mattie Leighty, Mrs. Sam McKittruck, Lem Morrison, and there may possibly be others, so pardon.

It is remarkable to note that the Misses Sarah and Ella Leighty have been members since 1876—a record of 61 years, no doubt unequalled by any member of any church in the village or perhaps in surrounding territory.

It is with pleasure that we are enabled to record the history of the young people who have always been a potent factor in the activities of the church, and specially in their Christian Endeavor society. From the records we find that this society was organized in the fall of 1890 under the leadership of the pastor, Rev. Keeler.

The charter members now living are Mrs. Sallie (Richards) Elliott, Mrs. Minnie (Leighty) Ward, Mrs. Mattie (Richards) Jones, and Elvin Maze. The charter members who have died are as follows: Miss Minnie Fleming, Miss Ada Tilley, Mrs. Nannie (Shelton) Jones, Stephen Richards, Mrs. Lucy (Maze) Butts, Mrs. Berta (Hoffman) Keeler, Mrs. Bettie (Shelton) Twiss, Mrs. S. E. Baines, Fred Stumpf, sr., Rev. L. Keeler, and Mrs. Maude (Tilley) Elliott.

The society has a past record of splendid activity, and during the times the church was without a pastor, they have carried on. Later because of death and removal of so many active members the society has had a varied career of existence and became inactive for several years, and then a resurrection would take place, and such has been the record for many years, while for the present the Endeavor and Ladies' Aid Society have been very active.

Because of a great loss in membership and financial assistance the church has been without a pastor for several years and has had a struggle for existence, in fact common to other religious societies.

Personally speaking, my uncle, the late Asa A. Eiler, who passed away in September, 1936, was among the oldest members and officials of this church, and in many letters the past years he has deplored to the point of extreme sadness the inactivity of the Presbyterian church in Tower Hill. For he had been through the years of great activity, with a full house at both morning and evening services—and pointed with pride to the choir maintained years ago by the church which rendered great service.

I have a picture of that choir taken over 40 years ago and note only 6 out of 12 are now living, namely: A. L. Leighty, Mrs. Sallie (Richards) Elliott, Mrs. Mattie (Richards) Jones, Mrs. Minnie (Leighty) Ward, Miss Elizabeth Jones and Walter Jones. Those dead are: Miss Ada Tilley, Mrs. Maude (Tilley) Elliott, A. Eiler, John Price, Miss Mary Leighty.

Personal compliments are extended to Miss Ella Leighty and Lem Morrison for valuable information in preparing this contribution.

THE CHURCHES (continued)

In our former record, as recently printed in the Times, we treated of the early history of the 2 oldest established churches in Tower Hill, namely the Methodist and Presbyterian.

Of these 2 we treated their early history down to about the 90's, and will now proceed to bring them up to the present. The other 2 churches, the Free Methodist and the Christian, we will give their history in full as we had no records when our first history was written.

Unfortunately the average citizen fails to realize the great moral and leavening influence of the church organization upon the local community, always taking it for granted, not entering into the zeal and enthusiasm to make its power for the "Golden Rule" way of living more efficient.

Eternity alone can tell what the churches of Tower Hill have done to mould Christian character, and even stricter moral ways of living, to the army of young people of this community who in the 50 or 60 years or more have gone out into all parts of the great U. S. A., to mingle with the public in all manner of vocations of life.

I can speak of personal experience, when I claim that the church influence in my boyhood and youth age fitted me beyond words to express for many of the ordeals one meets when dealing with a soulless world.

The influence of the church is still there, but sorry to note the "falling away" in the zeal and attentiveness of its members in this present age.

In my questionnaire I asked this question what is the matter with the churches today, and note the general opinion of the many agencies existing today that are a hindrance to the aggressiveness of the village church. It is evident that as a village grows in business affairs, likewise we see its effect upon the organized church. So the things that hinder the growth of a village have an effect on the churches.

Of course the paved highways have led in this lessened membership, tending to centralize a vast community into the larger cities of nearby location.

The great migration of the young folks from the farming community to go to the city for the "white collar" job has weakened the church organization mightily.

The old fashioned "rural country church" is fast becoming a matter of history. I wish I could take the space of this patient editor's paper and recall the history of those early country churches of the community surrounding Tower Hill for miles in every direction. It would be the most interesting page of this article. Even with my limited memory I could name literally scores of these country boys and girls whose early life was moulded for a character,

that stayed with them all through life and many, yes many, of them have left their impression in all the activities of life wherever they went.

Think of the ministers of the gospel who have gone out from these surrounding communities, missionaries, minister's wives, song writers, teachers with a moral character that steadied them in many a trying ordeal, not to mention the hundreds of citizens whose standard of living was the ideal "golden rule," all the result of the old-fashioned country church.

It alarms me to think this age is witnessing the passing of this great agency, which has proven its usefulness in the past, and soon to be past history. There is no use to deny it, for the annual statistics of every denomination reveals this sad intelligence, to the dismay of our great leaders.

For history's sake let us make a partial record of those early church communities around Tower Hill, that in their day were powerful in their respective communities. Of course the oldest is Williamsburg—known far and wide in an early day for its camp meetings running for weeks at a time when folks came from a distance and camped for the time. Following around a circle, note the Zion and New Hope communities, and even today organizations are extant.

Then follows Westminster, but not so great as the old Eiler church, organization of the United Brethren which really had among the greatest bodies of members, next to the Baptists, possible next were the Methodists, all pioneers in religious work. Coming on around we find one of the greatest church communities was the "Knobs." A volume could be written here, where 2 large organizations, the Baptists and Methodists date back to pioneer days and even today "carry on." Following on around we take in the great centers in the German neighborhood, and one that you never hear about today, and which my grandfather Conrad Eiler was a great leader in, was "Locust Grove," outside of Williamsburg. This was considered the greatest religious community in all the regions, and one of the oldest.

Located on Flat Branch, for the northern part of Shelby county, it was the center of religious worship and community interest. One scarcely hears of this once active center today, which shows the trend of the rural country church, toward the city center.

Going on around this circle, we come to Robinson Creek, then Rocky Branch, which were very active church centers in pioneer days, especially Rocky Branch.

This shows perhaps you may have never known how Tower Hill was girdled with religious centers, and no wonder when our village began to grow it drew from this community circle citizens who knew the value of religious and moral training.

And this leads up to our old history as just published—how the different denominations started and grew to be very active in Christian activity. We have given previously the history of both the Methodist and Presbyterian down to a period where we will now, continue to the present, with the addition of new history of the Free Methodist and Christian denominations, not available when we wrote the old history.

THE FREE METHODIST CHURCH

In our previous record we stated, this church was organized during the early 80's. From the present pastor and officials we learn the first meeting held advancing this particular creed, was held by 2 young ladies, namely Etta Rowdybush and Katie Hornbeck, in a tent on the east side of the Hill in 1883.

Because of the satisfactory results of this meeting a Free Methodist church was organized in the small frame building that stood in the early days just north of the present Corley brick building. This meeting which consummated in the final organization was held by Rev. Nolan and Rev. John Kelley.

Plans were made for a new church building and in 1885 the present building was erected, being dedicated by Rev. Colt, and the church has been very active to the present.

It is with pleasure we have the record of the trustees who were active in the construction of the building and other official duties. They are very familiar names, and though all have passed away yet they have left an impress of Christian character that will never fade. The 7 officials were: Rev. B. W. F. Corley, John Sharrock (my beloved grandfather), John Wintz, A. P. Everett, John Weeks, William Wirey and Archibold Roberts.

The ministers who have served this church from the beginning are as follows: Rev. Colthern 1885, Rev. A. J. Edwards 1886, Rev. Williford 1887, Rev. B. F. Grigg 1888, Rev. D. W. Sala 1890, Rev. M. A. Cox 1891, Rev. Bruce 1892, Rev. A. J. Smith 1894, Rev. H. Ahlmeyer 1896, Rev. A. L. Crumley 1899, Rev. Dehmeyer 1900, Rev. A. J. Smith 1901, Rev. R. W. Sanderson 1903, Rev. B. F. Ray 1905, Rev. John Hockett 1907, Rev. W. Kelley 1908, Rev. C. J. Turnbow 1910, Rev. J. G. Yeck 1912, Rev. J. A. Williams 1915, Rev. J. D. Lockiard 1917, Rev. J. G. Yeck 1918, Rev. Frank Bolding, Rev. J. O. Hendrickson 1923, Rev. A. J. Smith 1924, Rev. J. N. Van Natten 1925, Rev. W. Taylor 1926, Rev. J. G. Yeck 1927, Rev. V. G. Kackley 1929, Rev. C. E. Ring 1930, Rev. E. Lawary 1933, Rev. R. C. Nowlin 1935, Rev. C. J. Turnbow 1936—the present pastor.

The church has maintained a splendid Sunday School and other societies in active co-operation with the main membership body. Its membership during its organization has numbered many of the town's prominent citizens, and eternity alone can unfold the results of the efforts put forth to constrain members of the community to become active in their duty in building Christian character in the home, and community that will endure for all time.

Special acknowledgment is due Mr. Bart Nichols for valuable information.

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH

We are indebted to Mrs. Julia Maze and Miss Mary Peek for the information concerning the Christian church of Tower Hill.

The records show the church was organized here in 1893 with the following as charter member: John T. Killam and wife, Naomi, Charles L. Smith and wife, Elizabeth, Henry Bullington and wife, Nancy, Clint Crook and wife, Emma, Isaiah Henton and wife, Susan, John Crook and wife, Lottie, Mrs. Rebecca Peek and daughter, Miss Mary Peek, Mrs. Julia (Bullington) Maze.

All of above are deceased except Miss Mary Peek, Mrs. Julia Maze and Mrs. Emma(Crook) Ness. Verily the reaper hath garnered in a great harvest of these charter members.

Unfortunately, the original church records were destroyed in the brick hotel fire several years ago, and much time has been taken in obtaining such records as were available from more recent dates.

We find the organization started from a very successful meeting conducted by Rev.W. H. Boles in September, 1893, with a membership of around 100 members.

In the following Jan. 1894, Rev. Boles returned and through another very active service an additional 50 members were added so the church started out with very bright prospects of a strong active organization.

Our informants report that the death roll has been more than the average since organization, and thus handicapped the activity planned from the beginning.

In fact the records show fully one-half, possibly more, of the total membership have answered the last roll call, this being accounted for as I scan the membership list as being of the older generation.

The pastors who have served this organization from its beginning have been as follows: Reverends Doughty, J. O. Henry, Smith, Marity, Allen, Dunlap, Baker, Reed, Williams, Griffin, Childs, Neathery, Hostettler, Spurlin and Mahon.

For the last few years the church has been without a resident pastor, but the membership have kept up the work in Sunday School and the young folks' societies. But like all church organizations in the small town where the village itself has been on the decline from a general business standpoint, where is a very decided decline in church activity also, which is not a very pleasant subject to dwell on.

This organization occupies the old original building of the Methodist church, built in the early 70's, which they purchased in 1893 when the new building of the Methodists were erected which they occupy at the present time.

But for some alterations as to the single entrance and the belfry tower it is remindful of the days of long ago, when the writer was a small boy and lived on the corner north in the same block.

In those days there was a single large square tower in the center, housing the bell, and there were 2 entrances. While 60 years have rolled by there are so many memories connected with this sacred spot, dear to so many of my generation. If I live to be a Methuselah I will never forget the tone of that old bell, and often wonder what ever became of it. Surely it deserves a place in some historical chamber, but to many generations it is enshrined in our minds and hearts, and so many sentiments are connected with it, and this old building that it becomes sacred. No doubt there are scores who will read this and remember those old fashioned revivals, and that old sacred mourners bench around which hundreds of new lives were born, and lived a devoted Christian life.

To me personally it is sacred for this very thought, that I pledged my life for an active Christian career. I have kept that faith to this present hour, and that was in Jan., 1887, just fifty years ago the 30th of last month.

I cannot dismiss this article without recalling a few memorable incidents. The first I remember was as a member of the primary class when Mrs. Stumpf was my teacher, and as I have often said before, I could not recount a word or sentence she ever said in these days of 70's but 'twas the life she lived that impressed me and instilled into me the value of a church organization.

The second memorable incident was the funeral of Miss Alta Heady in 1878 who was burned to death by the exploding of a kerosene lamp—which I have treated at length in the old part of this history. Today it is so vivid to me as I see her fiancée, Charley Baines, standing near the door on the outside, with a broken heart, which no balm or healing power has ever been found to even soothe its shattered wreck. Only a few days after, Charley left for the wild west of California, and I have learned that here he passed away an old man, but his heart was in a silent unmarked grave in the Knobbs graveyard. What a subject for a romance from true life!

Another, in fact it was a series of remembrances and was on funeral occasions, the tolling of the old bell of the village church. You remember how it was always planned, that watchmen were placed at proper corners to give the signal so the bell would begin tolling when the procession started from the home of the deceased and kept tolling until the body was placed at the chancel rail in front of the pulpit. The same procedure was gone through with when the procession left the church. Somehow today in these so-called modern times we have lost the sacredness of our departing friends by up-to-date methods.

Another time of remembrance was when I led a bridal procession at the close of a Sunday evening service to the front and they were married by the preacher, whose name I have forgotten. The couple were a Mr. Clossen and Lottie Roberts, who now live in Decatur. And so on, I could go, indefinitely, not only incidents but those who lived, moved and were so active in that old meeting house.

To dwell on them would take an additional chapter, for their names are legion, and all gone these many, many years to their final reward. Note this list—Crawford Ward, Uncle Jimmy Jones, Squire Robinson, Jesse Foor, Palmer Everett and wife, L. D. Jester and wife, Geo. Corley and wife, I. G. Holt, John Ward, R. E. Cannon, Milo Darst and wife, the Morgan family, Doves. They all sowed well and the harvest is still going on.

The world will never forget the value of the village church.

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF '87

Rightly belonging as part of the history of Tower Hill is the so-called "graduating class" of 1887 from the Tower Hill grade schools, said class being ever afterwards known as the "Class of '87."

It is one of the most remarkable items of interest that belongs to the archives, that after 50 years the same self appointed historian of the class (Homer Eiler) is able to record the history of almost every one of that class of 17 boys and 13 girls to the present time (1937).

It was in the spring of 1887 when this "A" class, as we were called in the grade schools of that day, completed the course of study, and many took the county examination for teachers, all passing and entering the teaching fraternity.

In a year or so, we each found our real places in life, changing to vocations more suitable to our liking and the economical conditions, with a record of their different pursuits worthy of emulation.

The writer as self-appointed historian made his first write-up in 1894 and I have a copy before me with these interesting facts:

I note the summary gives at that time, 20 teachers (some part-time), 2 ministers, 3 stenographers, 3 merchants, 5 music teachers, 17 who attended college, 16 married and 2 deaths.

It was 30 years until I wrote the next write-up of the class, and find only 3 more had passed to that Beyond. The memorial list then was: Nora Brown, Belle Warren, Homer Fairchilds, John Pfeiffer and Sattie McDermoth.

To the present time we can add the following: Ed F. Karls, Howard Fleming, Maude (Tilley) Elliott, Madgie (Batey) Miller, Mary Leighty, Charles Faught, William J. Richardson, and Frank Rhodes.

I am unable to give a definite record on the following: Riley Middleton, Thomas Inman and David Ashe. But a remarkable record to know that after a half century there are 14 yet alive. They are scattered far and wide, and I suspect the writer lives the farthest of any, but my interest in that class has followed me all these 50 years and would unto the ends of the earth.

Briefly I will now give a record of the class, and trust that there may be many exchanges of letters, renewing old-time class friendships.

ELLA LEIGHTY. Of all these 30 classmates, she is the only one who has continued her residence for all these 50 years in the old home town. Her only vocation in life was teaching, retiring many years ago. Living a life of single blessedness, she now resides in the old family household, looking down the vista of the future, toward another home in the Beyond, into which she will graduate from this earthly class into one of eternal assurance of a well spent life.

MARY LEIGHTY. A sister of Ella's, also followed teaching for several years, then entered the mercantile vocation in Chicago, serving with several of the world's largest institutions. Mary never married, and always called Tower Hill her home.

But how sad to relate the record of her untimely death in the fall of 1933 when she met a fatal auto accident, and is buried in the home cemetery.

MAUDE (Tilley) ELLIOTT. Another one who followed teaching and lived for many years in the village, a leader in the Presbyterian church. She was married to Rev. Elliott, a Presbyterian minister, and they made their home in various parts of the country. It was while residing in Medford, New Jersey, that Maude met her untimely death in an auto collision, leaving the husband and 2 well-educated children.

ELLA (Cannon) SMITH. Ella followed the musical career, until matrimony gave her a calling to a household of her own. She was married to Ed Smith, but sad to relate after a few years she was left a widow with a family to look after and train for useful vocations of life. Happily she has seen this accomplished after much sacrifice and careful planning. Ella now resides in Kansas City, Mo., and would be pleased to hear from her old classmates.

EMMA (Metsker) KARLS. Another of Shelby county's teachers, which profession she followed for several years. Emma was married to her classmate, Ed F. Karls. They finally settled in southwestern Missouri, where 2 sad memories will forever follow her, one the losing of her dear husband, and the other — a Gold Star Mother sacrifice of a son in the World War. Emma now resides in Columbia, Missouri, Route 5.

STELLA (Weeks) HUNTER. I see the write-up of 1894 states Stella also followed teaching, even to Nebraska, but later yield to yearning for home, returned to the parental roof. But the matrimonial "bug" buzzed once too often and 'twas no more Miss Stella, but Mrs. M. Hunter of Cowden, Ill. But the sad hand of fate entered the home of Mr. Hunter, the husband-father, was no more of the family circle. Stella was a widow with 2 children, who have made splendid records in vocations to their liking, while mother still lives at the old home in Cowden.

LORA (Fuget) NAZOR. One of our number who chose music as a vocation, and has been very much interested in the same down to the present, and for her love for music has a musical family. Lora has been a widow for many years, and now lives in Memphis, Tenn., at 1898 Madison Avenue.

MINNIE (Fuget) FESTON. While musically inclined, Minnie chose a home life, and was wedded to a Tower Hill boy, Mike Fenton. They have one child, a son, who lives in Chicago, while their home is in Carlinville, Ill., at 617 Summer Street.

MADGIE (Batey) MILLER. The only one of our class of foreign birth (English). Born and raised in a Methodist parsonage, she chose for life a Methodist minister in the person of Rev. A. C. Miller. As usual with ministers, her home has been one of changing abodes. But for several years she has resided at Yankton, South Dakota, 916 Pine Street. Here we are compelled to record another Gold Star mother, she having lost a son in the World War. In fact, this great loss hastened the demise of Madgie, which occurred in August, 1933.

EFFIE (Fringer) OWEN. Unfortunately not much of a record for the daughter of one of Tower Hill's most popular physicians, of the '80s and early '90s. We are informed she married a Mr. Owen, at one time the agent of the B & O railroad at the Hill. She now lives at Olney, Ill., 218 South Morgan Street.

SATTIE (McDermith) STOCKWELL. Removed to Kansas, where she was married and lived the farming life. Later moved to Los Angeles, where as a widow she lived until 1926, when she too passed away. We have visited her last residence at 510 East 47th Street, Los Angeles, where a sister and other members of the family still reside.

NORA BROWNE. Very soon after the class had finished the term of school, we were shocked at the early passing of a popular member of the class. Fifty years have rolled by but her memory still lingers. She was the daughter of Dr. Brown, one of the Hill's earliest physicians, and whom we have spoken of in glowing terms in our chapter of physicians.

BELLE WARREN. Not far apart was the passing of the second member of the class. Miss Belle was the sister of Miss Nora Warren of Tower Hill at the present writing. The Warren family were among the earliest pioneers in the community, coming in 1849 with the Eilers, Brownbacks, and others.

HOMER FAIRCHILDS. In my former write-up I spoke of the thoroughness of Homer as a student. He followed teaching for a while, later resided in Chicago, where he studied law having a successful career. He is numbered with those who have passed away—dying in Greenville, Ill., in 1920.

ED F. KARLS. Ed followed teaching for some time, later took the civil service examinations, securing a position as postal clerk on the R. R. Later changed to farming, and as stated married Emma Metsker, and in after years settled in Jasper county, Mo., where he passed away in 1925.

FRANK RHODES. Frank has had a varied career, attended a business college but only active a short while, spent most of his life on the farm. Married and resided on the Robert Pugh homestead, and passed away in 1936.

I. N. FLUCKEY. Followed teaching for a while, but fitted himself for office work, finally securing a position in the U. S. Treasury at Washington, D.C., where he has spent these many, many years. Married there, raised a family but a year or so ago lost his wife, a very talented lady. Personally speaking, it was our pleasure many years ago to visit Newt in his home. Only the passing years have made any change, yet the same old time friend as ever!

CHARLES C. O'FARRELL. This name will at once be recognized, as Charles is the brother of Miss Mae O'Farrell of the village. Sorry to report that a letter received a year or so ago from Charles painted a sad picture, because of failing health and a great financial loss in all his business undertakings. His P.O. address is General Delivery. Kansas City, Mo.

WILLIAM J. RICHARDSON. One of the very few who lived in Tower Hill, or Shelbyville, all these 50 years. until death claimed him in 1935. Will taught for short time, then entered business in the village, later in the real estate business in Shelbyville, where he made quite a property accumulation. He leaves a wife and family, and host of friends.

GEORGE LEIGHTY. A member of course of the old pioneer Leighty family, and of the same calibre that has marked success in all their undertakings. George left for Phillips, Wis., many, many years ago, engaging in the railroad business, where he was agent for years, finally retiring. He is married and has a family living in that city.

RILEY MIDDLETON. Here is one of our classmates marked "LOST" since the first write-up in 1894, and the present whereabouts still unknown.

HOWARD FLEMING. A classmate respected by every one, for his kind disposition. He entered business shortly after leaving school and followed same all his life, with headquarters in Chicago. The last few years of his life

he was a general traveling salesman for ready-to-wear apparel, and died very suddenly in Tulsa, Okla., in Dec. 1930, and was buried in Tower Hill cemetery. Left a wife and a son.

(Rev.) JAMES S. TOLLEY. One of the Knobs students, who finished the common grades in the Hill. Took up preparation in several universities for the ministry, which he has followed all this half century with wonderful success. Only a few years ago we had the pleasure of entertaining him and wife in our Topeka home. His last address was Hillsdale, Michigan.

(Dr.) WALTER L. NEIL. I am proud to claim Walter as my chum and seatmate during our "finishing" up period in the Grade schools of T. H. Followed teaching for several years, later trained for the dental profession, which he followed the rest of his life in Deadwood, South Dakota, where he married a Tower Hill girl, Josie Peek (sister of May). Was saddened a few years ago by her demise. Walter retired from his chosen profession few years ago, and is now living near his children in Rapid City, South Dakota. Had the pleasure of entertaining him and his son and family, only this last fall. Certainly a wonderful meeting after all these eventful years.

CHARLES A. FAUGHT. Another record for the teaching profession, but for short time only, as entered the railroad business, but later gave that up for an office position in Decatur, where he married and continued to reside until his death in 1934. Another one in our Memorial list.

JOHN D. PFEIFFER. One among the first to answer to that final roll call after a short period in teaching near Cowden. He is a brother to our old time friend, and so well known by all present citizens, namely Mrs. Mattie Leighty.

DAVID ASHE. Unfortunately can not give any record of late years, not even knowing if dead or alive. Followed teaching I know soon after the class separated in 1887. Also that he always lived in and around the Hill.

TOM INMAN. Will confess to my inability to add anything to these later years, in fact, have no knowledge of his present whereabouts. Sorry. The first part of his life was given to teaching, and he was principal of Cowden schools.

(Rev.) JOHN BRANDON. I certainly was pleased to receive within the last year a letter from my old schoolmate of the early '80's in Frog Pond, and later of the class of '87. John followed teaching and the ministry for many years. His present address is Owaneco.

HOMER EILER. I hesitate to start, as wanting to make it brief, for career has been scattered over several states. Entered DePauw university, later in a Kansas Normal school, health failing entered a business career, starting with father as L. Eiler & Son, in the Hill. Have followed a line of business rest of my active life, retiring few years ago, and hiking to California, as the saying goes to the "Old Folks Home," meaning Sunny California—the playground of America, and it surely is. Married in 1891—we have our daughter near and 2 grandchildren.

Have made a hobby of writing, since retiring, on various subjects, but have specialized in Genealogy, having written 17 family histories. Beside contributing to the paper of the Old Home Town for many years, subjects of a reminiscent nature, knowing our old time friends are interested in the events and happenings of the long ago.

Somehow when we recall all these and the folks connected with them, our friendship is renewed, even to a reverence. With this in all probability my last write-up of our class of '87, I tender to you each the friendship and esteem that started fifty years ago and has continued to this present time, ripening toward that Class of Eternity, where Life really begins. Good Bye. Homer.

TOWER HILL CIVIL WAR SOLDIERS

The following is a list of the soldiers who enlisted from Tower Hill Township at the beginning of the Civil War, and recorded in the handwriting of Mr. John M. Bowman, who married Rachael Warren of the Warren family of Tower Hill and vicinity. This list is certified to on January 17, 1865 before Levi W. Munsell, a justice of the peace, by the following citizens of Tower Hill Township. Signed by—John R. Warren, G. B. Scovil, Nathan Puckett, J. H. Johnson and Samuel Smith.

This original document also bears the official attestation of the clerk of the county court, Burrell Roberts, and dated Jan. 17, 1865. The seal of the clerk's office is duly impressed, also the internal revenue stamp of 5c is attached.

This original list is of great historical value to the community, as the official record of those who enlisted for the war. The reader will recognize many prominent names, the descendants of whom reside in this vicinity. It is recorded that a draft was made for so many men in each township, and it can be said that Tower Hill township furnished its full quota, and not a single man drafted from this township.

The writer is informed that there is one man of the regiment still living, but not from this list, who has reached the age of 106 years, a Mr. C. Boyer.

Lovell T. Dean, William Burnes, Benjamin Vermillion, Robert Read, William F. Thompson, John Shanks, Stephen H. Poindexter, Archabold Roberts, Owen McAteer, Samuel Bowman, Edward T. Woolington, Elitia Colbert, William Warren, Sylvester Piner, John J. Brown, Charles O. C. Brown, George Brown, Daniel Brown, Calvin Brown, J. L. Brown, E. A. Brown, T. J. Brown, G. F. Brown, J. R. Brown, Richard Shanks, Franklin Riley, William Farmer, Frank Haven, William Piatt, Oscar Barrett, William May, I. W. A. Neel, Francie A. Neel, Peter Shanks, James Hanson, Morgan T. Hanson, John Watson, William W. Brandon, Elisha Gobbert, S. L. Horkey (records show drafted and substituted), Aaron Gibbons, David Craddock, Warren Turner, W. C. Liston, William H. Riley, F. M. Garrett, John Inman, Thomas Inman, Lawrence Jester, B. V. K. Jester, Levi Cameron, Daniel H. Tetrick, James May, William Walker, James R. Tilley, Stephen Tripp, William Glassgo, John R. Cox, James Smith, Hartin Hanson, David Sharrock, James Lawton, Amos Sharrock, Frank Sharrock, John W. Sharrock, Zebedee Smith, Samuel Wade, John B. Brownback, William Brownback, Lewis Jester, William Eiler, Lewis Eiler, James Collins, Owen Rooley, Thomas Rooley, Henry Wilson, William R. Jones, W. J. Anderson, Simond Sprinkle (served 3 months), H. J. Atkins, Isaac Woodring, Franklin Millikin, James Sharrock, John Sharrock, George C. Bennett, Josiah McDowell, Charles Perdew, Robert Kennedy, William Love, William Allman, George Badman, William Bishop and George Aichele (their companies not listed), also Marion Roberts, Isaiah Roberts and Dy Roberts.

These are those, who having served their first enlistment, then re-enlisted in Company M, 3rd Calvary—Lewis Jester, Lewis Eiler, James Collins, Frank Milligan, Lawrence Jester, C. O. C. Brown, L. C. Brown, E. A. Brown, Franklin Ruffly. These two re-enlisted in Company H, 7th Calvary—George Aichele and Aaron Aichele. Thomas Inman re-enlisted in Company H, 54th Infantry.

The writer is glad to inform the readers that Dave Sharrock above listed is yet alive at Yoakum, Texas. This certainly is a very rare piece of history. The original is in the possession of Mr. William Warren of Pana, Ill., who has so kindly loaned same for publication.

But we must draw this history of our "Old Home Town" to a close, and leave for a more able pencil at some future day to record more fully the various items that we have tried to describe. We are sorry that we have to pass a score or more of subjects, and even to bring the record nearer the present date.

We have as you noticed not treated of subjects nearer than about twenty-years ago, as these come within the remembrance of the present generation either by personal knowledge or hearsay, and thus the future historian will have additional matter to treat of.

I assure you that the search for records has been a revelation to me and I feel one of interest to you.

My earnest desire is that we have a greater respect and even a more reverent spirit for our ancestors and forefathers, when we realize what they have endured that we might be and are "The Heirs of the Ages."

To Times Readers: The compiler of this Tower Hill history begs to inform you that this is the NEW History covering 1900 to 1937 and that I am deeply indebted to many old time friends, especially Ed S. McLean — and others are Charles Eiler, Burr Fluckey, Lem Morrison, Miss Ella Leighty, Mrs. Julia Maze, Miss Mary Peek, Rev. DuBois of Methodist church. Rev. Calvin Turnbow of the Free Methodist church, Ora Maze, Prof. Hazel J. Wheeler of Community High school, Fred Stumpf, and others.

We beg your patience if any errors—and AGAIN trust each one will preserve these copies for the FUTURE.

—Homer Eiler.

—Concluding Chapters of History of Tower Hill, Ill., from 1900 to 1937

By Homer Eiler, Pasadena, Calif.

(Personal note) The writer wishes at this time to thank the many friends who have responded to my appeal for information, because it was impossible for me to secure this history otherwise, as I left the Hill in 1895. At the proper places I have given ample credit for such information.)

The History of Tower Hill that has been running as a serial for some time, ends with this statement by the writer: "This brings the record down to about the year 1900." As stated, I moved away in 1895.

Of course the records are not as familiar to me after 1900 as the years of my entire life previous, so I have had to depend upon my many friends for information and facts to cover this period of 1900 to 1937.

How I would like to have spent a month in the old home town gathering material for this history, because it could have been secured from actual living participants, and not hearsay or tradition.

There are so many subjects that ought to be treated at length, because they are dominant factors in the history of the town for the last 36 years. To us who have known the record of the village back almost 60 years can speak authoritatively as to the rise, the development, boom period and the decline of the once flourishing village on the hillside.

Somehow there rises a lump in my throat when I visualize the past, the present and the future of the town, where I first saw the light of day, and where even the soil is sort of "Holy Ground," and our bare feet ran hither and thither, so as a boy we knew every pack and parcel of the landscape.

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